

ST. NICHOLAS.

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IN A POET'S WORKSHOP.

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

IN his poem "Contentment," Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says humorously:

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brownstone will do),
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

His wish came very nearly true many years ago, and on a bright day last October I climbed the flight of steps leading to the plain *brick* house covered with Japanese ivy on Beacon Street, in the aristocratic Back Bay district of Boston, where the poet lives. The silver rim which encircles the bell is engraved with his name. I was rather nervous, to say the least, for I was going to ask for an "interview," which, in newspaper parlance means the right not only to take down and publish all that the person interviewed may say, but to describe his appearance and surroundings. A man could n't be blamed if he inwardly wished to show every interviewer the way to the door, and, believing this, I was by no means certain what my reception would be, though an introduction from one of Dr. Holmes's friends was my excuse for venturing. But I rang the bell as boldly as if it were not attached to the house of a poet, and was ushered

into the reception-room to wait while my note and card were taken to Dr. Holmes, as he sat at luncheon.

The reception-room was tastefully furnished, and a beautiful carved secretary stood between the windows. On the cabinet mantel was a silver loving-cup which attracted my attention, and this, as I afterward learned through a letter from Dr. Holmes, was presented to him, at the time of his resigning his Professorship, by the medical class before which he had lectured.

Presently the maid returned and said to two men who were doing some work in the room, "Please go out for a few minutes. The Doctor is coming in here," as if her master was not even to be looked at by everybody who had happened to be in the house. The men obeyed, and I was left alone, not at all eased in mind by this episode; but while I was thinking "He must be *very* formidable," the door swung ajar and a little white-haired gentleman came in with a pleasant bow.

"Will you come up to my library?" was the cordial invitation. I gladly obeyed, and the famous man who has seen eighty summers led the way up softly carpeted stairs as nimbly as if he were half a century younger. Dark, polished folding-doors at the rear of the upper hall opened

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into the library, which is at the back of the house. This room has a huge bay-window which the poet calls

My airy oriel on the river shore.

He is very fond of the view of the Charles River, and speaks of "my window" as if it were one of his choicest possessions. He may well find it enjoyable, for it gives an extended view, and in the distance can be seen, on a clear day, Brighton, Watertown, Waltham, Arlington, Charlestown, Cambridge, Chelsea, Somerville, and other towns near the city. Cambridge, you know, is the seat of Harvard, the oldest college in America, and there Dr. Holmes has been both pupil and professor. In Cambridge, too, was the famous old elm under which Washington stood to take command of the American army, July 3, 1775. In 1861, Dr. Holmes wrote of this tree:

Eighty years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.*

Cambridge can also lay claim to distinction because so many notable men have lived or have been educated there. It is the birthplace of Dr. Holmes. Unfortunately, the bank of the Charles, opposite Dr. Holmes's house, is covered with factories. He says he hopes that in time a better class of buildings will front the shore. But factories cannot lessen the beauty of the flowing river, and the sight of it doubtless reminds the poet of his long life, for the river is a link which joins his past with his present.

During my visit Dr. Holmes said: "You must not forget to look out of my window!" It is a sight worth any one's interest, because it is so suggestive. The Charles River has been beloved and celebrated by some of our best known writers, and one cannot look at it without being reminded of them.

Next to a bay-window, the most attractive spot in any room is the open fireplace—if it be fortunate enough to have one. This "poet's workshop" had; but when we went in the fire had died down into dull embers. The vigor

with which Dr. Holmes went to work to make it up, even joking and laughing about it, would afford a good object-lesson to the boys and girls—not to speak of the grown people—who in a like state of things would find occasion to grumble. But Dr. Holmes is a physician of the mind as well as of the body—and he knows that, mentally and physically, grumbling does n't pay.

When the fire blazed again, and he had given it a poking, as he says he is fond of doing, he re-read his note, asked after the writer of it, to whom he sent a kind message, and chatted pleasantly for a few minutes; then sitting down in a luxurious green velvet rocking-chair before the fire, and, putting his feet on the shining fender, settled himself for an "interview." He is used to the infliction, of course. Probably few men living have had to face more reporters, and he knows precisely what to say.

Dr. Holmes *during* an interview and Dr. Holmes *after* one, are two different persons. From the time he sat down to be "interviewed," until my note-book was closed, he answered questions,—no more; but the instant the pencil was laid aside he began to talk of other things with evidently much more relish than when he was speaking about himself.

Perhaps ambitious young writers will take warning by an opinion he expressed,—that there is little money to be earned by young authors from writing poetry, and that the poet should have some regular occupation besides that of writing verses.

But what of the "workshop" in which I sat that sunny October afternoon? Many descriptions have been written of it—of its rich green velvet-covered furniture, its thick crimson carpet, its pictures and ornaments and books. But descriptions which go no further do not give the right idea of it, because the air of the room does not depend on these things. Apart from any effect of material or arrangement, one can perceive that the room is pervaded by dignified age, taste, and culture. I do not remember being impressed by any one feature of the room or its furniture, but the impression of the harmonious whole is very vivid. Dr. Holmes's writing-

* The quotations from Dr. Holmes's poems in this article are printed by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

table stands in the center of the floor. It is large, and has a flat-top, at which both he and his secretary can work; and, when I saw it, was in beautiful order—another object-lesson for those who believe disorder a sign of genius!

they deceive themselves. They do not know the energy that may remain in a man after even eighty years of life, provided it be a good life, as his has been. This year's *Atlantic Monthly* contains a department called "Over the Tea-



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN HIS LIBRARY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., BOSTON.)

In his every motion it was easy to see that much of the vigor that wrote "Old Ironsides"—the first piece which called attention to the poet in his youth—still remains. The eyes that have looked so long on the world still twinkle with fun, though they are somewhat dimmed by age. If any think that his work is done,

Cups," the work of the wise and witty "Autocrat of the breakfast table."

There is one poem of Dr. Holmes's—perhaps less often praised than some which are better known—which gives a very sweet picture of his early home-life. While "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Last Leaf," and "The Deacon's

Masterpiece" are often quoted, this pretty bit of description and incident is less noticed. It is "The Opening of the Piano." I read it somewhere when a child and never forgot the story of it, though it was long before I was interested in the personality of the author. The poem has been even more of a favorite since I learned from its writer that it recounts a true incident; the event having happened in his boyhood home in Cambridge. He paints the scene with a loving touch.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward
to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its
right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night!

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in
flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from
over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory
keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of
joy;
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd
the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now,
Mary, play."

For the dead soul knew that music was a very sovereign
balm;
She had sprinkled it over Sorrow, and had seen its brow
grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tink-
ling quills,
Or caroling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to
please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glitter-
ing keys.
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew
dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper
Hymn."

— Catherine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red
(Wedded since, and a widow,—something like ten years
dead),

Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open
door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries
(For she thought 't was a singing creature caged in a box
she heard),

"Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the bird!"

Dr. Holmes believes thoroughly in the celebration of Arbor Day, that holiday of national interest which has become so popular since the cause has been taken up by young people. He said, "The idea of Arbor Day seems a very pleasing one, and, as it encourages the planting of trees, I think posterity will be grateful for it." And he has written on the same subject, "When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. . . . You have been warned against hiding your talent in a napkin, but if your talent takes the form of a maple-key or an acorn, and your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers 'the lap of the earth,' you may hide it there, unblamed, and when you render in your account, you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time." Elsewhere he has said, "I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I have planted." This warm commendation and hearty approval will be an inspiration to young people—whether they write verses or not—and may bear good fruit for the great movement to preserve trees.

Years ago Dr. Holmes wrote, in "The Poet at the Breakfast-table," "There is no mere earthly immortality I envy so much as the poet's. If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains! I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms; but a song of Burns's or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you can't help loving both of them, the sinner as well as the saint. The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labors; the poet who reproduces himself in his creation, as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song."

It is sixty years since the author of these lines began to write for the public, and no American

poet has a higher place in the affections of his countrymen. His humorous poems delight us, and his patriotic verses stir the blood like martial music. Sixty years of the pen and it is not yet idle! If ever a man preached the gospel of happiness and industry it is Dr. Holmes; and there is nothing more wholesome than brightness and cheerfulness and laughter. All lovers of true humor must be grateful to the man who wrote "The One-Hoss Shay," "The Boys," "The Last Leaf," "Evening, by a Tailor," and "The Height of the Ridiculous!"

One more incident of my visit and I have done. On the day that I saw him, Dr. Holmes

talked forcibly of celebrity hunters and asked, "Why should a man who has written a book or two be tormented by people who want to look at him or get his autograph?" "Now, don't think I mean you," he added apologetically. Then he told of ways in which he had been annoyed for autographs. Of course I did not dare to say "autograph" to him after that; but he must have divined my unexpressed wish to possess his autograph for when his secretary wrote out a list of the real names of "The Boys" described in his poem so entitled, to be mailed to me, the kind-hearted old man was careful to add his full signature.



ON THE POND.

GREAT OCEAN WAVES.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

EVERY winter when the captains of ocean steamers coming into port relate their experiences with the boisterous Atlantic, we read about vessels meeting with certain especially large waves, which do a great deal of damage. Usually the paragraph in the morning paper reads somewhat like this:

"The Steamship 'Van Brunt' arrived yesterday after an exceedingly rough trip of fourteen days from Southampton. Capt. Fisher says that in his twenty-two years' experience he never encountered such weather. On Jan. 23, in latitude $47^{\circ} 22'$ north and longitude $38^{\circ} 56'$ west, the ship was struck by a tidal wave, which bent in her forward turtle-back, carried away her starboard fish-davit, and threw John Finley, seaman, aged forty-three, against the starboard rail, breaking his leg and inflicting internal injuries. The remainder of the voyage was without striking incident."

At other times the paragraph reads more nearly in this style:

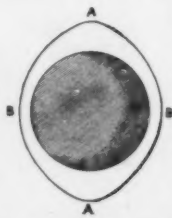
"The steamer 'Barbaric' arrived yesterday after a remarkably quick winter passage. She left Queenstown on Jan. 27 at 4 P. M., and reached Sandy Hook yesterday at 4 o'clock. This makes her actual time 6 days 19 hours. On Jan. 30, in latitude $43^{\circ} 50'$ north and longitude $49^{\circ} 20'$ west, in perfectly clear and smooth weather, the ship was struck by an enormous tidal wave, which threw her nearly on her beam-ends, smashed in her port rail, and bent the heavy stanchions as if they had been pins."

No winter goes by without the publication of such reports, and naturally we come to believe that tidal waves are common occurrences at sea. In the face of these repeated statements by steamship captains it may seem audacious to declare that there is no such thing as a tidal wave; but that is the fact. That is to say, it is a fact that there is no such thing as a tidal wave in the common meaning given to those words. The tidal wave is a slow, small, mild, and beneficent movement of the waters, and is absolutely imperceptible in mid-ocean, where such dreadful doings are credited to it.

There are four kinds of waves at sea, called wind waves, storm waves, earthquake waves, and tidal waves; and it is always one of the first two that does the damage to ships. First, then, let us dismiss the foolish misapplication of the title "tidal wave."

The tidal wave, as its name implies, is caused by the passage of the tide. It is simply a vertical displacement of the entire body of water on one part of the earth, and not a mere local disturbance of the surface. As Captain Lecky has stated it in his "Wrinkles in Practical Navigation," "The general motion of the tides consists in an alternate vertical rise and fall, and horizontal flow and ebb, occupying an average period of half a lunar day, or about 12 hours and 25 minutes. This vertical movement is transmitted from place to place in the seas, like an ever-recurring series of very long and swift waves." When it is high water on one side of the earth, it is high water on the other side; and at the points half-way between it is low water. If the reader will look at the diagram he will understand this more readily. The shaded part represents the earth, and the unshaded part the ocean waters. At A and A

it is high tide, while at B and B it is low tide. The elevations marked A are the tidal waves, and they are continually passing around the earth, one of them being under the moon, and the other at the point opposite. The action of the



moon and the sun in producing the tidal waves need not be discussed here. All that I desire to establish is a correct understanding of what a tidal wave is. Now, as the moon passes around the earth once in twenty-five hours and the earth is about 25,000 miles in circumference,



IN MID-OCEAN. A GREAT WAVE.

the tidal wave travels 1000 miles an hour. This is its actual rate of speed in the open sea; but where land impedes its progress it moves much more slowly, sometimes making no more than fifty miles an hour. You understand, of course, that this tidal wave is what we commonly speak of as the rise and fall of the tide. In mid-ocean its height is about four feet. In land-locked seas it is less. In some bays, however, where there is a wide opening directly in the course of the advancing or receding tidal wave, the rise and fall is much greater. Chepstow in the Bristol Channel, Mont St. Michel in the Gulf of St. Malo, Dungeness Spit, near Cape Virgins, and the Basin of Minas at the head of the Bay of Fundy, are mentioned by Captain Lecky as places famous for great rise and fall. In the last-named place it sometimes amounts to seventy feet. No one ever hears of tidal waves on the Lakes; yet they are there. That of Lake Michigan has been carefully measured, and found to be $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches high. The only sort of wave having dangerous characteristics that are caused by the tide is what is known as a "bore." This is an advance of the tide up the river in the form of a breaker. It is caused by the resistance of the rapid river current, confined between its banks, to the body of water advancing from the ocean.

Now we come to wind waves, which, as the reader will readily understand, are caused by the action of the wind on the surface of the water. Water is but slightly compressible, and the wind blowing against the surface makes an indentation, causing an elevation elsewhere. The harder the wind the deeper the indentations and the higher the waves. Lieutenant Quiltrough, in his excellent "Sailor's Handy-Book," says: "Many attempts have been made to construct a mathematical theory of wave motion, and thence to deduce the probable behavior of ships at sea." The modern theory is called the trochoidal, a name derived from a curve called the trochoid, which curve is supposed to represent the profile of the perfect wave. "Let it be supposed," says Lieutenant Quiltrough, "that, after a storm has subsided, a voyager in mid-ocean meets with a series of waves, all of which are approximately of the same form and dimensions; these would constitute a single series

such as the trochoidal theory contemplates." Of course, as the lieutenant takes care to point out, an ordinary seaway does not consist of such geometrically regular waves, but is made up of billows of varying form and dimensions. "But sometimes the conditions assumed are fulfilled; and from the investigation of their motions it is possible to pass to the case of a confused sea." Many measurements and observations of waves have, therefore, been made. "The longest wave observed was measured by Captain Mottez, of the French navy, in the North Atlantic, and had a length of 2720 feet—half a mile from crest to crest." A wave 1920 feet long was observed by Sir James Rose, and 1320 feet is the length which has been noted in the Bay of Biscay.

All sorts of nonsense has been written about waves "mountains high." The truth is that when a ship is plunging down the back of one wave and is at the same time heeled over till her rail is close to the water, the next wave looks as if it would sweep completely over the vessel and therefore appears as big as a mountain. Lieutenant Quiltrough says: "We find reports of heights of 100 feet from hollow to crest, but no verified measurement exists of a height half as great as this. The highest reliable measurements are from 44 to 48 feet—in itself a very remarkable height. Waves having a greater height than thirty feet are not often encountered." The height of wind waves is governed by what is called the "fetch." That means their distance from the place where their formation begins. Thomas Stevenson, author of "Lighthouse Illumination," and father of the well-known writer of our day, Robert Louis Stevenson, gives the following formula as applicable when the fetch is not less than six sea miles: "The height of the wave in feet is equal to 1.5 multiplied by the square root of the fetch in nautical miles." Let us suppose that in a gale of wind the waves began to form 400 miles from the ship you are on. The square root of 400 is 20, which multiplied by 1.5 gives 30 feet as the height of the waves around the ship.

Now, it is well known that in every storm there are occasionally groups of three or four waves considerably larger than the others. Captain Lecky is of the opinion that these are caused by the increased force of the wind in the

squalls which are a feature of every big blow. Now, waves travel at a rate which is the result of their size. Waves 200 feet long from hollow to hollow travel about 19 knots per hour; those of 400 feet in length make 27 knots; and those of 600 feet rush forward irresistibly at 32 knots. Let us suppose, now, a wave 400 feet in length and 38 or 40 feet high rushing along at 27 knots. It overtakes a slower wave making about 20 knots, with a height of 25 feet and a length of 200. The two seas become one, forming at the moment of their union an enormous wave. Just at that moment they meet one of those steamers called "ocean greyhounds," which, as every one knows, never slacken speed unless it is absolutely necessary for safety. She is butting into the storm at the rate of say eight knots an hour. She runs plump against a great wall of water which seems to rise suddenly out of the general tumult, rushing at her with a height of 45 feet or more and a speed of over 30 miles per hour. There is a fearful crash forward, accompanied by a deluge, and as the tons of water roll off the fore-castle deck, it is found that damage has been done, and the officers on watch enter in the log the interesting fact that the steamer has been struck by a "tidal wave."

Now let us consider the big sea which strikes the vessel in calm weather; but before doing so I must briefly describe the storm wave which I have mentioned. This can best be done by

quoting directly the words of Captain Lecky, who is my authority for most of the facts presented in this article. "On the outer or anticyclone edge of hurricanes the barometer stands abnormally high, indicative of great atmospheric pressure; whilst at the center or

vortex the mercury falls unusually low; and, accordingly,



THE EARTHQUAKE WAVE AT ST. THOMAS.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

there the pressure is least. Between the center and outer edge a difference of five inches in the height of the mercury has been recorded; equal to a difference of pressure of 354 pounds on the square foot of surface at these two places. It will read-

ily be seen that the effect of this encircling belt of high pressure and internal area of low pressure, coupled with the incurving of the wind, is to produce a heaping up of the water under the body of the cyclone, whose highest point is necessarily at the center, where it is, so to speak, sucked up." And that is all that is meant by storm wave — simply the elevation of the sea's surface at the center of a cyclone, which elevation advances with the storm. I may add that it has been known to cause wide and devastating floods.

Earthquake waves, which are those most frequently misnamed tidal waves, arise from causes wholly different from those which produce the other varieties. Neither the winds nor the tides have anything to do with these waves. They are produced by subterranean convulsions, which lift or otherwise agitate the surface of the earth on the borders of an ocean, or the earth which forms its bottom, and so disturb the waters. When the upheaval of the earth takes place along the shore, it lifts the water up on its back, and the water running off leaves the bottom exposed for a long distance. Sometimes vessels which were at anchor in bays before the upheaval are left hard and fast aground. Now the water forced off shore in this manner does not remain away. When the earthquake shock has passed, the water comes back, rearing up in a fearful wall, and forming a breaker of appalling size, which carries death and destruction in its path. I remember reading of an occurrence of this kind at the island of St. Thomas. The returning breaker was over forty feet high, and it broke inland, destroying much property and causing many deaths. So tremendous was this breaker that it landed a large vessel on a hillside half a mile from the harbor, where, I have been recently told, the wreck was still to be seen. But these breakers are always spoken of in the newspapers as "tidal waves."

If an uplifting of the earth should take place under the ocean, it would produce one of those big waves which vessels meet with sometimes in calm weather and which are always described as "tidal." Strange things happen at sea. They are strange to us who pass our lives on

land because they are beyond the pale of our experience and observation and we can not readily account for them. The ordinary sailor, while no more able to explain these phenomena of the great deep than the landsman, becomes familiar with them and they do not astonish him. Even a new wonder at sea does not astound the sailor as it does the landsman, because the former knows that the ocean is the home of strange mysteries. Captain Lecky, in speaking of the effect of submarine shocks at sea, says: "In one instance which came under the writer's observation, the inkstand on the captain's table was jerked upward against the ceiling, where it left an unmistakable record of the occurrence; and yet this vessel was steaming along in smooth water, many hundreds of fathoms deep. The concussions were so smart that passengers were shaken off their seats, and, of course, thought that the vessel had run ashore. When the non-elastic nature of water is considered, there will be no difficulty in understanding how such an effect could be produced." If you wish to try a little experiment which will illustrate this, simply fill a dish-pan with water and either rap smartly on its bottom or bend the bottom inward. You will see how the surface of the water is disturbed by this earthquake upheaval of the bottom. This is similar to the effect produced by a subterranean convulsion under the sea. Yet when one of these earthquake waves comes along and does damage, the harm is laid to the credit of the "tidal wave," which is a harmless and indeed beneficent provision of nature. Even the newspapers, in speaking of a political candidate who is defeated by an overwhelming majority, say that he has been engulfed in a "tidal wave." And the sea-captain, who ought to know better, reports to the hydrographic office that away out in latitude and longitude something or other, his vessel was struck by a "tidal wave." Whereas the truth is that, in a storm, ninety-nine times out of one hundred it is simply an unusually large wind wave which strikes the ship, and the one-hundredth time it is caused by an earthquake. In calm weather it is always the earthquake wave.

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LADY JANE.

By MRS. C. V. JAMISON.



THE MARDI-GRAS PROCESSION. THE DEUF GRAS. (SEE PAGE 914.)

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARDI-GRAS.

TITE SOURIS had happened to pass Gex's little shop one day while Lady Jane was taking her lesson, and from that moment the humorous darky could never speak of the little dancing-master without loud explosions of laughter. "Oh, Laws, Miss Peps', I wish you jes' done seed littl' Mars Gex a-stan'in' up wid he toes turn' out, so he look lak he on'y got one foot, an' he coat held up un'er he arms, an' he hands jes' *so*,"—here Tite caught the sides of her scant skirt, in ridiculous imitation of the attitude of the dancing master,—“a-steppin' an' a-hoppin' an' a-whirlin', an' a-smilin' wid he eyes shet, jes'

as if he done got religion, an' was *so* happy he do'n' know what 'er do. An' Miss Lady, wid 'er head on one side, lak a mockin'-bird, a-holdin' out 'er littl' skirt, an' a-steppin', and a-prancin', for all de worl' jes' lak Mars Gex, an' a-puttin' 'er han' on 'er bre's', an' a-bowin' so 'er yaller har all-a-mos' tech der flo. Laws, Laws, I done mos' die a-larfin'. Sech cuttin' up yer neber did see! It 's might' funny, Miss Peps', all dis yer dancin' an' a-caperin'; but I 's scared 'bout Miss Lady wid all dem goin's on. I 's feared der gobble-uns 'll ketch 'er sometime, wen 'er 's a-steppin' an' a-hoppin', an' tote 'er off ter dat dar old wicked Boy, wat 's watchin' fer triflin' chil'ren, lak dat. 'Cause Deacon Jone say der Old Boy 'll git all pussuns w'at dance, shore, *shore*."

"Nonsense, Tite, go away!" cried Pepsie, laughing till the tears came at her handmaid's droll pantomime. "If what you say is true, where do you think you'll go to? Have n't you been acting Mr. Gex, for Miss Lady, over and over, when she's been repeating her dancing-lesson to me? Have n't you been standing right up on that floor, holding out your skirt, and dancing back and forth, and whirling, and prancing,

as much like Mr. Gex as you possibly could? *Have n't* you now, Tite? I'm sure the 'gobble-uns' would be after you for making fun of Mr. Gex, before they would take a little angel like Miss Lady."

"But I wa' jes' a-funnin', Miss Peps'. Dat Ole Boy *know* I wa' jes' a-funnin'; an' he ain't gwine ter tote me off, w'en I ain't done no harm; 't ain't lak I was in earnest, yer know, Miss Peps'."

And with this nice distinction Tite comforted herself and went on her way rejoicing.

About this time, Madame Jozain was seized with a sudden spasm of piety, and took to going to church again. However, she kept at a discreet distance from Father

Ducro, who, at the time of the death of the young widow, had asked her some rather searching questions,



"LADY JANE CLUNG TIGHTLY TO TIBURCE ON ONE SIDE AND TITE ON THE OTHER." (SEE PAGE 914.)

and several times, when he met her afterwards, had remarked that she seemed to have given up church-going. She was very glad, therefore, when, about this time, she heard that he had been sent to Cuba on some mission, and Madame sincerely hoped that whatever the errand was it would detain him there always.

One Sunday, it occurred to her that she ought to take Lady Jane to church with her, and not allow her to grow up like a heathen; and besides, if Madame had confessed her true motive, she felt that the child, dressed in her best, had an air of distinction, which would add greatly to the elegant appearance Madame desired to make.

Pepsie had a knack of dressing Lady Jane as Madame never could, so the little girl was sent across the street to be made beautiful, with flowing glossy hair and dainty raiment. And when Madame, leading Lady Jane by the hand, with a gentle maternal air, limped slowly up the broad aisle of the cathedral, she felt perfectly satisfied with herself and her surroundings.

Lady Jane had often been to church before, but the immense interior, and the grand, solemn notes of the organ, and the heavenly music of the choir, always made a deep and lasting impression upon her, and opened up to her new vistas of life through which her pure little soul longed to stray.

The musical nature is often a religious nature, and in the child was a deep vein of piety, which only needed working to produce the richest results; therefore, the greatest of all her pleasures from that time was to go to church and listen to the music, and afterward to tell Pepsie of all she had seen and enjoyed, and to repeat as far as was possible, with her small sweet voice, the heavenly strains of the anthems she had heard.

One morning,—it was the day before “Mardi-gras,”—when Lady Jane entered Pepsie’s room, instead of finding her friend engaged in her usual occupation, the table was cleared of all that pertained to business, and on it was spread a quantity of pink cambric, which Pepsie was measuring and snipping with great gravity.

“Oh, Pepsie, what are you making?” cried Lady Jane, greatly surprised at this display of finery.

“It’s a domino,” replied Pepsie curtly, her mouth full of pins.

“A domino, a domino,” repeated Lady Jane. “What’s a domino? I never saw one.”

“Of course, you never saw one, because you never saw Mardi-gras,” said Pepsie removing the pins, and smiling to herself as she smoothed the pattern on the cloth.

“Mardi-gras! Is it for that?” said Lady Jane. “You might tell me about it. I don’t know what it’s for,” she said, bewildered, and quite annoyed by Pepsie’s air of secrecy.

“Well, it’s for some one to wear on Mardi-gras,” replied Pepsie, still smiling serenely, and with an exasperating air of mystery.

“Oh, Pepsie—who, *who* is it for?” cried Lady Jane, pressing close, and putting both arms around her friend’s neck; “tell me, please; do! If it’s a secret I won’t tell.”

“Oh, it’s for a little girl I know,” said Pepsie, cutting and slashing the cambric with the greatest indifference, and evidently bent on keeping her own counsel.

Lady Jane stood still for a moment, letting her arms fall from Pepsie’s neck. Her face was downcast, and something like a tear shone on her lashes; then, a little slowly and thoughtfully, she climbed into her chair, and leaning on her elbows, silently watched the absorbed Pepsie.

Pepsie pinned, and snipped, and smoothed,



“THERE WERE DEMONS, AND ANGELS, CLOWNS AND MONKS, IMPS AND FAIRIES.” (SEE PAGE 914.)

all the while smiling with that little air of unconcern which so puzzled the child. Presently, without looking up, she said:

"Can't you guess, Lady, who it 's for?"

"Is n't it for Sophie Paichoux?"

ventured Lady Jane.

"No, no," said Pepsie decidedly; "the one I mean it for is no relation to me."

"Then, I don't know any other little girl. Oh, Pepsie, I can't guess."

"Why, you dear, stupid, little goose!" cried Pepsie, laughing aloud.

"Oh, Pepsie. It is n't! is it?" and Lady Jane's eyes sparkled and her face was lit up by a joyful smile. "Do you mean it for *me*? really, do you, Pepsie?"

"Why, ofcourse. Do you think I'd make it for any one, if not for you?"

"Oh, you dear, darling Pepsie! But why did n't you say so just at first?"

Why—why did you make me—," she hesitated for a word, and then added, "why did you make me—jealous?"

"I only wanted to tease you a little," laughed Pepsie. "I wanted to see if you 'd guess right off. I thought you would know right away that I did n't love any one else well enough to make a domino for her, and I wanted to try you."

This rather ambiguous explanation was quite satisfactory, and after a great many caresses Pepsie went on to tell that Tante Modeste had been there very early, and that she had invited



"SHE CRIED OUT PITIFULLY, 'IT'S LADY JANE.'"
(SEE PAGE 915.)

Lady Jane to go in her milk-cart, that afternoon, on Canal Street, to see the king of the Carnival arrive. That the cans were to be taken out of the cart, and an extra seat was to be put in, so that all the young ones could take part in the glorious spectacle.

Then Pepsie waited for Lady Jane to get her breath, before she finished telling her of Tante Modeste's plans for the next day, the long looked for Mardi-gras.

The little Paichoux wanted Lady Jane to see everything; by some means, she must take an active part in the festivities on Canal Street.

"Children don't enjoy it half as well, at least mine don't," said Tante Modeste, "if they're cooped up on a cart or in a gallery; so the best way is to put a domino on them, and turn them in with the crowd."

"But I'm afraid for Lady," demurred Pepsie; "she might get frightened in such a crowd, or she might get lost."

"You need n't be afraid of that, Tiburce is going to take care of my young ones, and I've told him that he must hold fast to the child all the time. Then, Tite can go, too. I've got an old domino that'll do for her, and she can keep the child's hand fast on the other side. If they keep together there's no danger."

"But perhaps Madame Jozain won't allow her to go on Canal Street?"

"Yes, she will, she'll be glad to get rid of the care of the child. I just met her coming from market; she had a cream cheese for the little one. I guess she's pretty good to her, when it don't put her out. She says Madame Hortense, the milliner, on Canal Street, is an old friend of hers, and she's invited her to come and sit on her gallery and see the show, and there's no room for children, so she'll be very glad to have her niece taken care of, and it's so good of me, and all that. Oh, dear, dear, I can't like that woman; I may be wrong, but she's a dose I can't swallow"—and Tante Modeste shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"But Lady's got no domino," said Pepsie, ruefully, "and I'm afraid Madame Jozain won't make her one."

"Never mind saying anything about it. Here's two bits; send Tite for some cambric, and I'll cut you a pattern in a minute. I've made so many, I know all about it; and, my dear, you can sew it up through the day. Have her ready by nine o'clock. I'll be here by nine. I'm going to take them all up in the cart, and turn them out, and they can come back to me when they're tired."

In this way Tante Modeste surmounted all difficulties, and the next morning, Lady Jane, completely enveloped in a little pink domino, with a tiny pink mask carefully fastened over her rosy face, and her blue eyes wide with delight, was lifted into the milk-cart with the brood of little Paichoux, and, with many good-byes to poor, forlorn Pepsie, and to Tony, who was standing dejectedly on one leg, the happy child was rattled away in the bright sunlight, through the merry, noisy crowd to that center of every delight—Canal Street, on Mardi-gras.

There was no room for Tite Souris in the cart, so that dusky maiden, arrayed in the colors of a demon of darkness, an old red domino, with black, bat-like wings, was obliged to take herself to the rendezvous, near the Clay statue, by whatever means of locomotion she could command. When the cart was passing Rue Royale, there was Tite in her uncanny disguise, flapping her black wings, and scuttling along as fast as her thin legs would carry her.

At last, the excited party in the milk-cart and the model for a diabolical flying-machine were together under Tante Modeste's severe scrutiny, listening, with much divided attention, to her final instructions.

"Tiburce, attend to what I tell you," she said, impressively. "You are the eldest of the party, and you must take care of the little ones, especially of Lady Jane. Keep her hand in yours all the time. Mind what I say—don't let go of her. And you, Tite, keep on the other side, and hold her hand fast. Sophie, you can go in front with the two smallest, and the others can follow behind. Now keep together, and go along decently; no running or racketing on the street, and as soon as the procession passes, you had better come back to me. You will be tired, and ready to go home. And Tite, remember what Miss Pepsie told you about Miss Lady. If you let anything happen to her you had better go and drown yourself."

Tite, with her wings poised for flight, promised everything, even to drowning herself, if necessary; and before Tante Modeste had climbed into her cart, the whole brood had disappeared amongst the motley crowd.

At first, Lady Jane was a little frightened at the noise and confusion; but she had a brave

little heart, and clung tightly to Tiburce on one side and Tite on the other. In a few moments she was quite reassured, and as happy as any of the merry little imps around her.

It was delightful; she seemed to be carried along in a stream of riotous life, all disguised, and decorated to suit their individual fancies. There were demons and angels, clowns and monks, imps and fairies, animals and birds, fish and insects. In fact, everything that the richest imagination could devise.

At first Tite Souris ambled along quite decorously, making now and then a little essay at flying with her one free wing, which gave her a curious, one-sided appearance, provoking much mirth among the little Paichoux; but at length restraint became irksome, and finally impossible. She could bear it no longer, even if she died for it. Ignoring all her promises, and the awful reckoning in store for her, with one bound for freedom she tore herself from Lady Jane's hand, and flapping her wings, plunged into the crowd, and was instantly swallowed up in the vortex of humanity that whirled everywhere.

The procession was coming, the crowd grew very dense, and they were pulled and pushed and jostled; but still Tiburce, who was a strong, courageous boy, held his ground, and landed Lady Jane on a window-sill, where she could have a good view. The other Paichoux, under the generalship of Sophie, came up to form a guard, and so, in a very secure and comfortable position, Lady Jane saw the procession of King Rex and his royal household.

When Tiburce told her that the beautiful Bœuf gras, decorated so gaily with flowers and ribbons, would be killed and eaten afterward, she almost shed tears, and when he further informed her that King Rex was no king at all, only a citizen dressed as a king in satin and velvet and feathers, she doubted it, and still clung to the illusion that he must sit always on a throne and wear a crown, according to the traditions of Mr. Gex.

Now that the procession was over, all might have gone well, if Tiburce had held out as he began; but, alas! in an evil moment, he yielded to temptation and fell.

They were on their way back to Tante M.-deste, quite satisfied with all they had seen, when

they came upon a crowd gathered around the door of a fashionable club. From the balcony above a party of young men, who were more generous than wise, were throwing small change, dimes and nickels, into the crowd, that the rabble might scramble for them; and there, right in the midst of the seething mass, was Tite Souris, her domino hanging in rags, her wings gone, and her whole appearance very dilapidated and disorderly. The spirit of greed possessed her, and she plunged and struggled and battled for the root of all evil.

Tiburce's first intention was to make a detour of the crowd; but just as he was about to do so, the gleam of a dime on the edge of the sidewalk caught his eye, and, overcome by the temptation, he forgot everything and dropped Lady Jane's hand to make a dive for it.

Lady Jane never knew how it happened, but in an instant she was whirled away from the Paichoux, swept on with the crowd that a policeman was driving before him, and carried she knew not where.

At first she ran hither and thither, seizing upon every domino that bore the least resemblance to her companions, and calling Tiburce, Sophie, Nanette, in heartrending tones, until, quite exhausted, she sank down in a doorway and watched the crowd surge past her.

CHAPTER XVII.

LADY JANE DINES WITH MR. GEX.

FOR some time Lady Jane sat in the doorway, not knowing just what to do. She was very tired, and at first she was inclined to rest, thinking that Tiburce would come back and find her there; then, when no one noticed her, and it seemed very long that she had waited, she felt inclined to cry, but she was a sensible, courageous little soul, and knew that tears could do no good; besides, it was very uncomfortable crying behind a mask. Her eyes burned, and her head ached, and she was hungry and thirsty, and yet Tiburce didn't come; perhaps they had forgotten her altogether, and gone home.

This thought was too much to bear calmly, so she started to her feet to try to find them if they were not coming to search for her.

She did not know which way to turn, for the

crowd confused her terribly. Sometimes a rude imp in a domino would push her or twitch her sleeve, and then, as frightened as a hunted hare, she would dart into the first doorway, and wait for her tormentor to pass. She was a delicate little creature to be buffeted by such a turbulent crowd, and but for the disguise of the domino she would soon have found a protector amongst those she fled from.

After wandering around for some time she found herself very near the spot she started from, and thankful for the friendly shelter of the doorway, she slipped into it and sat down to think and rest. She wanted to take off her mask and cool her hot face, but she did not dare to; for some reason she felt that her disguise was a protection, but how could any one find *her* when there were dozens of little figures flitting about in pink dominoes.

While she sat there thinking and wondering what she should do, she noticed a carriage drive up to the next door, and two gentlemen got out followed by a young man. When the youth turned his face toward her, she started up excitedly, and, holding out her hands, she cried out pitifully, "It's me; it's Lady Jane."

The young fellow glanced around him with a startled look; he heard the little cry but did not catch the words, and it moved him strangely. He thought it sounded like some small creature in pain, but he only saw a little figure in a soiled pink domino, some little street gamin he supposed, and without further notice he passed her and followed his companions up the steps.

It was the boy who gave Lady Jane the blue heron, and he had passed her without seeing her. She had called to him, and he had not heard her. This was too much; she could not bear it, and, withdrawing again into her retreat, she sat down and burst into a passion of tears.

For a long while she cried silently, then she fell asleep and forgot for a time all her troubles. When she woke a rude man was pulling her to her feet, and telling her to wake up and go home; he had a stick and bright buttons on his coat. "Some young one tired out and gone to sleep," he muttered as he went on his way.

Then Lady Jane began to think that that place was no longer a safe refuge; the man with the stick might come back and beat her if she

remained there; so she started out and crept along close to the high buildings. She wondered if it was near night, and what she should do when it was dark. Oh, if Tante Modeste, Tiburce, or Madelon would only come for her, or Tante Pauline,—even she would be a welcome sight. She would not run away from Raste, even if he should come just then, although she detested him, because he pulled her hair and teased her, and called her "My Lady."

At that moment, some one behind her gave her domino a violent pull, and she looked around wildly. An imp in yellow and black was following her. A strand of her bright hair had escaped from her hood and fallen over her back; he had it in his hand, and was using it as a rein. "Get up, my little nag," he was saying, in a rude, impertinent voice; "come—trot, trot." At first she tried to get away, but she was so tired and frightened that she could scarcely stand, and she turned on her tormentor and bade him leave her alone.

"I'm going to pull off your mask," he said, "and see if you are Mary O'Brien." He made a clutch at her, but Lady Jane evaded it; all the spirit in her was aroused by this assault, and the usually gentle child was transformed into a little fury. "Don't touch me," she cried; "don't touch me,"—and she struck the yellow and black imp full in the face with all her strength.

Now this blow was the signal for a battle in which Lady Jane was sadly worsted, for in a moment the boy, who was older and of course stronger, had torn her domino from her in ribbons, had snatched off her mask, and pulled the hood from her head, which unloosened all her beautiful hair, allowing it to fall in a golden shower far below her waist; and there she stood with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, quivering and panting, in the midst of a rude crowd, like a little hunted animal brought to bay.

At that moment she saw some one leap on to the banquette, and with one well-aimed and dexterous kick send her enemy sprawling into the gutter, while all the bystanders shouted with laughter.

It was Gex, little Gex, who had come to her rescue, and never did fair lady cling with greater joy and gratitude to the knight who had delivered her from the claws of a dragon, than did

Lady Jane to the little horny hand of the ancient professor of the dance.

For a moment, so exhausted was she with her battle, and so overcome with delight, that she had no voice to express her feelings. Gex understood the situation, and, with great politeness and delicacy, led her into a pharmacy near, gave her a seat, smoothed her disordered dress and hair, and gave her a glass of soda.

This so revived the little lady that she found voice to say:

"Oh, Mr. Gex! how did you know where I was?"

"I did n't, I did n't," replied Gex tremulously. "It was what you call one accident. I was just going down the Rue Royale, was just turning the corner, I was on my way home. I'd finished my Mardi-gras, all I want of the noise and foolishness, and I was going back to Rue des Bons Enfants, when I hears one leetle girl cry out, and I look and saw the yellow devil pull down my leetle lady's hair. Oh, *bon, bon*, did n't I give him one blow, did n't I send him in the gutter, flying,"—and Gex rubbed his hands and chuckled with delight. "And how lucky was I to find my leetle lady when she was in trouble."

Then Lady Jane and Mr. Gex turned down Rue Royale, and while she skipped along holding his hand, her troubles all forgotten, she told him how she had been separated from Tiburce, and of all her subsequent misadventures.

Presently, Gex stopped before a neat little restaurant, whose window presented a very tempting appearance, and, looking at Lady Jane, with a broad, inviting smile, said:

"I should like to know if my leetle lady was hungry. It is past four of the clock, and I should like to give my leetle lady von Mardi-gras dinner."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gex," cried Lady Jane, delightedly, for the smell of the savory food appealed to her empty stomach. "I'm so hungry that I can't wait until I get home."

"Vell, you shan't; this is one nice place, *vairy chic* and fashionable, fit for one leetle lady, and you shall see that Gex can order one fine dinner, as well as teach the dance."

When the quaint little old man, in his anti-

quated black suit, a relic of other and better days, entered the room with the beautiful child, rosy and bareheaded, her yellow hair flying out like spun silk, and her dainty though disordered dress, plainly showing her superior position, every eye was turned upon him, and Gex felt the stirrings of old pride and ambition as he placed a chair with great ceremony and lifted Lady Jane into it. Then he drew out his spectacles with much dignity, and, taking the card the waiter handed him, waited, pencil poised, for the orders of the young lady.

"If you please," he said, with a bow and a smile, "to tell me what you prefer?"

Lady Jane frowned and bit her lip at the responsibility of deciding so important a matter; at length she said, with sparkling eyes and a charming smile:

"If you please, Mr. Gex, I'll take some—some ice cream."

"But first, my leetle lady—but first, one leetle *plat* of soup, and the fish with sauce *verte*, and one leetle bird—just one leetle bird with the *petits pois*—and one fine, good, leetle salad. How would that suit my leetle lady?"

"And ice cream?" questioned Lady Jane, leaning forward with her little hands clasped primly in her lap.

"And after, yes, one *crème à la glace*, one cake, and one leetle bunch of *raisin*, grape you say," repeated Gex, as he wrote laboriously with his old, stiff fingers. "Now we will have one fine leetle dinner," he said, with a beaming smile, when he had completed the order.

Lady Jane nodded an affirmative, and while they waited for their dinner her bright eyes, traveling over everything, at length rested on Mr. Gex with unbounded admiration, and she could not refrain from leaning forward and whispering:

"Oh, Mr. Gex, how nice, how lovely you look. Please, Mr. Gex, *please*, don't wear an apron any more."

"Vell, if my leetle lady don't want me to, vell, I won't," replied Gex, beaming with sudden ambition and pride, "and, perhaps, I will try to be one fine leetle gentleman again, like when I was professeur of the dance."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT TRI-CLUB TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

CHARLES COLERIDGE GRACE, as he was called by the tennis editors, or Charley Grace, as he was known about college, had held the tennis championship of his Alma Mater ever since he had been a freshman.

Even before that eventful year he had carried off so many silver cups and highly ornamented and equally useless racquets at tournaments all over the country, that his coming to college was considered quite an important event.

His career was not marked by the winning of any scholarships, nor by any brazen prominence in the way of first honors; and though the president may have wondered at the frequency of Grace's applications to attend funerals, marriages, and the family dentist, he was always careful to look the other way when Grace was to be seen hurrying to the station with three racquets in one hand and a big green cloth bag in the other.

Nor was he greatly surprised to read in the next morning's paper that "this brought the winner of the last set and Charles Coleridge Grace together in the finals, which were won by Mr. Grace, 6-4, 6-4, 6-2."

It was near the end of the first term in Grace's junior year, and at a time when the dates of tournaments and examinations were hopelessly clashing, that he received another of many invitations to attend an open tournament. This particular circular announced that the N. L. T. A. of the United States had given the Hilltown Tennis Club permission to hold on their own grounds a tournament for the championship of the State.

Mr. Grace was cordially invited to participate, not only through the formal wording of the circular, but in a note of somewhat extravagant courtesy signed by the club's secretary.

Hilltown is a very pretty place, and some of its people are wealthy. They see that it has

good roads for their village-carts and landaus to roll over, and their Queen Anne houses are as ornamental to the surrounding landscape as is similar architecture elsewhere.

They have also laid out and inclosed eight tennis-courts of clay and turf, to suit everybody's taste, and have erected a club-house which is apparently fashioned after nobody's. Every year Hilltown invited the neighboring tennis-clubs of Malvern and Pineville to compete with them in an inter-club tournament, and offered handsome prizes which were invariably won by representatives of Hilltown.

But this year, owing chiefly to the energies of Mr. C. Percy Clay, the club's enthusiastic secretary, Hilltown had been allowed to hold a tournament on its own tennis-ground for the double and single championship of the State. This honor necessitated the postponement of the annual tri-club meeting until ten days after the championship games had been played.

The team who did the playing for the Hilltown club were two young men locally known as the Slade brothers.

They were not popular, owing to their assuming an air of superiority over every one in the town, from their father down to C. Percy Clay. But as they had won every prize of which the tennis-club could boast, they of necessity enjoyed a prominence which their personal conduct alone could not have gained for them.

Charles Grace arrived at Hilltown one Wednesday morning. All but the final game of the doubles had been played off on the two days previous, and the singles were to be begun and completed that afternoon. The grounds were well filled when he reached them, and looked as pretty as only pretty tennis-grounds can look when they are gay with well-dressed girls, wonderfully bright blazers, and marquees of vividly brilliant stripes.

Grace found the list of entries to the singles

posted up in the club-house, and discovered that they were few in number, and that there was among them only one name that was familiar to him.

As he turned away from the list, two very young and bright-faced boys in very well-worn flannels, came up the steps of the club-house just as one of the Slades was leaving it.

"Hullo," said Slade, "you back again?"

It was such an unusual and impertinent welcome that Grace paused in some surprise and looked on.

The eldest of the boys laughed good-naturedly and said: "Yes, we're here, Mr. Slade. You know we drew a bye, and so we play in the finals."

"Well, of course you'll play my brother and myself then. I hope the novelty of playing in the last round won't paralyze you. If it does n't, we will," he added with a short laugh. "I say, Ed," he continued, turning to his elder brother, "here are Merton and his partner come all the way from Malvern to play in the finals. They might have saved their car fare, don't you think so?"

The elder brother scowled at the unfortunate representatives of Malvern.

"You don't really mean to make us stand out there in the hot sun fooling with you, do you?" he asked impatiently. "You'll only make a spectacle of yourselves. Why don't you drop out? We've beaten you often enough before, I should think, to suit you, and we want to begin the singles."

But the Malvern youths were not to be brow-beaten. They said they knew they would be defeated, but the people at Malvern were very anxious to have them play, and had insisted on their coming up. "They wish to see what sort of a chance we have for the tri-club tournament, next week," they explained.

"Well, we'll show what sort of chance you stand, with a vengeance," laughed one of the brothers. "But it really is a bore to us."

The two boys flushed, and one of them began hotly, "Let me tell you, Mr. Slade,"—but the other put his hand on his arm, saying, "What's the use?" and pushed him gently toward the grounds.

The Slades went into the club-house grumbling.

"Nice lot, those home players," soliloquized Grace. "I'll pound the life out of them for that!"

He was still more inclined to revenge the Malvern youths later, after their defeat by the Slades,—which was not such a bad defeat after all, as they had won one of the four sets, and scored games in the others. But the Slades, with complete disregard for all rules of hospitality, to say nothing of the etiquette of tennis, kept up a running comment of ridicule and criticism on their hopeful opponents' play, and, much to Grace's disgust, the spectators laughed and encouraged them. The visitors struggled hard, but everything was against them; they did not understand playing as a team, and though they were quick and sure-eyed enough, and their service was wonderfully strong, the partiality of the crowd "rattled" them, and the ridicule of their opponents was not likely to put them more at their ease.

The man who had been asked to umpire with Grace was a college man, and they both had heard all that went on across the net in the final round. So when their duties were over, they went up to the defeated Malvernites and shook hands with them, and said something kind to them about their playing.

But the cracks did not congratulate the winners. Indeed, they were so disgusted with the whole affair that they refused to be lionized by Mr. Clay and the spectators in any way, but went off to the hotel in the village for luncheon, — which desertion rendered the spread on the grounds as flat as a coming-of-age dinner with the comer-of-age absent.

After luncheon, Thatcher, the other collegian, had the pleasure of defeating the younger Slade in two straight sets, to his own and Grace's satisfaction; but Mr. Thatcher's satisfaction was somewhat dampened when Grace polished him off in the next round, after a game which Grace made as close as he could.

Other rounds were going on in the other courts, and at five o'clock Grace and the elder Slade came together in the finals. Thatcher had gone home after wishing his conqueror luck, and Grace was left alone. He was not pleased to see that Slade's brother was to act as one of the umpires, as he had noticed that

his decisions in other games were carelessly incorrect.

But he was in no way prepared for what followed.

For the younger Slade's umpiring in the final game was even more efficient in gaining points for the Hilltown side than was the elder's playing.

It was a matter of principle with Grace, as with all good players, never to question an umpire's decision, and he had been taught the good old rule: "Never kick in a winning game." But the decisions were so outrageous that it soon came too close to being a losing game for him to allow them to continue. So, finally, after a decision of the brother's had given Slade the second one of the two sets, Grace went to the referee and asked that some one be appointed to act in Mr. Slade's place, as he did not seem to understand or to pay proper attention to the game.

"Mr. Slade's decisions have been simply ridiculous," said Grace, "and they have all been against myself. This may be due to ignorance or carelessness, but in any case I object to him as an umpire most emphatically."

"Well, you can object to him all you please," retorted the elder brother. "If you don't like the way this tournament is conducted you can withdraw. You need n't think you can come down here and attempt to run everything to suit yourself, even if you are a crack player. Do you mean to forfeit the game or not?"

"It seems to me, gentlemen," stammered Mr. Percy Clay, excitedly, "that if Mr. Grace desires another umpire —"

"Oh, you keep out of this, will you!" retorted the omnipotent Slade, and Mr. Clay retreated hurriedly.

Grace walked back into the court, and nodded to the referee that he was ready to go on.

He was too angry to speak, but he mentally determined to beat his opponent so badly, umpire or no umpire, that he would never dare to raise his voice again.

This incendiary spirit made him hammer the innocent rubber balls to such purpose that the elder Slade was almost afraid of his life, and failed to return more than a dozen of the opponent's strokes in the next two sets.

His brother's decisions were now even more ridiculous than before, but Grace pretended not to notice them.

The game now stood two straight sets in Grace's favor, and one set 6-5 in Slade's — or in favor of both the Slades, for they had both helped to win it.

Grace had four games love, in the final set, when in running back after a returned ball he tripped and fell over an obstacle, spraining his right ankle very badly. The obstacle proved to be the leg of one of the Hilltown youths who was lying in the grass with his feet stuck out so far that they touched the line.

Grace got up and tried to rest his weight on his leg, and then sat down again very promptly.

He shut his teeth and looked around him.

Nobody moved except Mr. Clay, who asked anxiously if Grace were hurt. Grace said that he was; that he had sprained his ankle.

The young gentleman over whom he had fallen had by this time curled his legs up under him, but made no proffer of assistance or apology.

"Oh, that 's an old trick!" Grace heard the younger Slade say in a tone which was meant to reach him. "Some men always sprain their ankles when they are not sure of winning. He 'll be able to walk before the year 's out."

Grace would have got up then and there and thrashed the younger Slade, ankle or no ankle, if he had not been pounced upon by the two Malvern boys, who pushed their way through the crowd with a pail of lemonade and a half dozen towels that they had picked up in the clubhouse. They slipped off his shoe and stocking, and dipping a towel in the iced lemonade, bound it about his ankle and repeated the operation several times, much to Grace's relief.

"This lemonade was prepared for drinking purposes, I fancy," said one of them, "but we could n't find anything else. I never heard of its being good for sprains, but it will have to do. How do you feel now?"

"All right, thank you," said Grace. "I 've only these two games to play now, and it 's my serve. I need n't run around much in that. Just give me a lift, will you? Thanks."

But as soon as Grace touched his foot to the ground, the boys saw that he was anything but

all right. His face grew very white, and his lips lost their color. Whenever he moved he drew in his breath in short, quick gasps, and his teeth were clinched with the pain.

He lost his serve, and the next game as well, and before five minutes had passed he was two games to the bad in the last set.

The Malvern boys came to him and told him to rest; that he was not only going to lose the game, but that he might be doing serious injury as well to his ankle, which was already swelling perceptibly. But Grace only unlaced his shoe the further and set his teeth. One of the Malvernites took upon himself to ask the referee if he did not intend giving Mr. Grace a quarter of an hour's "time" at least.

The referee said that the rules did not say anything about sprained ankles.

"Why, I know of tennis matches," returned the Malvernite champion excitedly, "that have been laid over for hours because of a sprained ankle. It will be no glory to Mr. Slade to win from a man who has to hop about on one foot, and no credit either."

"Mr. Grace is a crack player, and I'm not," said Slade; "but I asked no favors of him on that account, and I don't expect him to ask any of me."

"I have n't asked any of you!" roared Grace, now wholly exasperated with anger and pain, "and you'll wait some time before I do. Go on with the game."

The ankle grew worse, but Grace's playing improved, notwithstanding. He felt that he would rather beat "that Slade man" than the champion himself; and he won each of his serves, not one of the balls being returned.

They were now "five all," and the expressed excitement was uproarious in its bitterness and intensity.

Slade had the serve, and it was with a look of perfect self-satisfaction that he pounded the first ball across the net. Grace returned it, and the others that followed brought the score up to 'vantage in Slade's favor, so that he only needed one more point to win.

The people stood up in breathless silence. Grace limped into position and waited, Slade bit his under lip nervously and served the ball easily, and his opponent sent it back to him like

an arrow; it struck within a foot of the serving line on the inside, making the score "deuce."

"Outside! Game and set in favor of Mr. Slade," chanted the younger Slade with an exultant cry.

"What!" shouted Grace and the two Malvernites in chorus.

But the crowd drowned their appeal in exclamations of self-congratulation and triumph.

"Did you see that ball?" demanded Grace of the referee.

"I did," said that young man.

"And do you mean to tell me it was out?"

"It was—I do," stammered the youth. "You heard what Mr. Slade said."

"I don't care what Mr. Slade said. I appeal to you against the most outrageous decision ever given on a tennis-field."

"And I support Mr. Slade," replied the referee.

"Oh, very well!" said Grace with sudden quietness. "Come," he whispered to his two lieutenants, "let's get out of this. They'll take our watches next!" And the three slowly made their way to the club-house.

They helped Grace into his other clothes and packed up his tennis flannels for him. He was very quiet and seemed more concerned about his ankle than over the loss of the State championship.

Grace and his two supporters were so long in getting to the station, no courtesies having been tendered to them in the way of a conveyance, that Grace missed his train.

He was very much annoyed, for he was anxious to shake the dust of Hilltown from his feet, and he was more than anxious about his ankle.

"Mr. Grace," said Merton, "Prior and I were wondering if you would think we were presuming on our short acquaintance if we asked you to come home with us to Malvern. You can't get back to college to-night from here, and Malvern is only ten miles off. My father is a doctor and could tell you what you ought to do about your ankle, and we would be very much pleased if you would stay with us."

"Yes, indeed, we would, Mr. Grace," echoed the younger lad.

"Why, it's very kind of you; you're very

good indeed!" stammered Grace; "but I'm afraid your family are hardly prepared to receive patients at all hours, and to have the house turned into a hospital."

Merton then protested with dignity that he had asked Grace as a guest, not as a patient; and they finally compromised upon Grace's consenting to go on to Malvern, but insisting on going to the hotel.

Grace had not been at the Malvern Hotel, which was the only one in the place and more of an inn than a hotel, for over ten minutes before Dr. Merton arrived in an open carriage

lawn and placed in a comfortable wicker chair under a tree, where he could read his book or watch the boys play tennis, as he pleased. The tennis was so well worth watching that after regarding it critically for half an hour he suddenly pounded the arm of his chair and called excitedly for the boys to come to him. They ran up in some alarm.

"There's nothing wrong," he said. "I have a great idea. I see a way for you to get even with those lads at Hilltown and to revenge me by proxy. All you need is a week's training with better players than yourselves for this tri-club tournament and you'll be as good or better than they are now."

Then the champion explained how the Malvern team, having no worthy opponents to practice against at home, were not able to improve in their playing; that water would not rise above its own level; and that all they required was competitors who were much better than themselves.

"I can teach you something about team-play that you don't seem to understand," said Grace. "I will write to-day to that college chap, Thatcher, to come down with a good partner and they

will give you some fine practice."

The Malvern boys were delighted. They wanted the lessons to begin at once, and as soon as the letter was despatched to Thatcher, Grace had his arm-chair moved up near the net and began his lectures on tennis, two boys from the Malvern club acting as the team's opponents.

Grace began by showing the boys the advantage of working as a team and not as individuals, how to cover both alleys at once, and how to guard both the front and back; he told them where to stand so as not to interfere with each other's play, when to "smash" a ball and when to lift it high in the air, where to place it and when



GRACE SPRAINS HIS ANKLE.

and carried him off, whether he would or no, to his own house, where, after the ankle was dressed, Grace was promptly put to bed.

In the morning, much to his surprise, he found that the swelling had almost entirely disappeared, and he was allowed in consequence to come down to the breakfast-table with the family, where he sat with his foot propped up on a chair. He was considered a very distinguished invalid and found it hard not to pose as a celebrity in the cross-fire of admiring glances from the younger Merton boys and the deferential questions of their equally young sisters.

After breakfast, he was assisted out on to the

to let it alone. Sometimes one play would be repeated over and over again, and though Grace was a sharp master his team were only too willing to do as he commanded whether they saw the advantage of it or not. When the shadows began to grow long and the dinner-gong sounded, Grace told them they could stop, and said they had already made marked improvement, so they went in radiant with satisfaction and exercise, and delightfully tired.

Practice began promptly the next morning, and continued steadily on to luncheon. At two o'clock Thatcher and another player arrived from the college, which was only a few miles distant from Malvern, and Grace gave them an account of his defeat at Hilltown and of the Slades' treatment of the Malvernites.

"You saw, Thatcher," said Grace, "how they abused and insulted those boys. Well, these same boys have treated me as if I were one of their own family. Dr. and Mrs. Merton have done everything that people could do. It has been really lovely, and I think one way I can show my appreciation of it is to bring back those cups from that hole in the ground called Hilltown. And I ask you to help me."

The college men entered heartily into Grace's humor, and promised to come down every afternoon and give the boys all the practice they wanted.

Every one belonging to the club had heard what was going on, by this time, and the doctor's big front lawn was crowded with people all the afternoon in consequence.

The improvement in the Malvern boys' playing was so great that every one came up to be introduced, and to congratulate Grace on the work he had done. He held quite a levee in his arm-chair.

Mrs. Merton asked the college men to supper, and had some of the Malvern men and maidens to meet them.

The visitors presumably enjoyed their first day very much, for when they returned the next day they were accompanied by four more collegians, who showed the keenest interest in the practice games.

These four men belonged to that set that is found in almost every college, whose members always seem to have plenty of time to encourage

and aid every institution of Alma Mater, from the debating societies to the tug-of-war team.

These particular four were always on the field when the teams practiced; they bought more tickets than any one else for the Glee Club concerts; and no matter how far the foot-ball team might have to wander to play a match, they could always count on the appearance of the faithful four, clad in great-coats down to their heels and with enough lung power to drown the cheers of a hundred opponents.

Barnes, Blair, Black, and Buck were their proper names, but they were collectively known as the Four B's, the Old Guard, or the Big Four, and Thatcher had so worked on their feelings that they were now ready to champion the Malvern team against their disagreeable opponents.

They made a deep impression on the good townsfolk of Malvern. Different people carried them off to supper, but they all met later at Dr. Merton's and sat out on his wide veranda in the moonlight, singing college songs to a banjo accompaniment which delighted the select few inside the grounds and equally charmed a vast number of the uninvited who hung over the front fence.

The practice games continued day after day, and once or twice the Malvern team succeeded in defeating their instructors, which delighted no one more than the instructors themselves.

Grace was very much pleased. He declared he would rather have his boys defeat the Slades than win the national tournament himself, and as he said so, he really believed that he would.

He went around on crutches now, and it was very odd to see him vaulting about the court in his excitement, scolding and approving, and shouting, "Leave that ball alone," "Come up, now," "Go back, play it easy," "Smash it!" "Well played, indeed, sir," "Well placed!"

The tri-club tournament opened on Wednesday, and on Tuesday the Four B's, who had been daily visitors to Malvern, failed to appear, but sent instead two big pasteboard boxes, each holding a blazer, cap, and silk scarf, in blue-and-white stripes, the Malvern club colors, which they offered as their share toward securing the Malvern champions' victory.

On the last practice day, Grace balanced him-

self on his crutches and gave the boys the hardest serving they had ever tried to stand up against. All day long he pounded the balls just an inch above the net, and when they were able to return three out of six he threw down his racket and declared himself satisfied. "We may not take the singles," he said, "but it looks as if the doubles were coming our way."

Grace and his boys, much to the disgust of the townspeople, all of whom, from the burgess down to the hostler in the Malvern Hotel, were greatly excited over the coming struggle, requested that no one should accompany them to Hilltown. They said if they took a crowd down there and were beaten it would only make their defeat more conspicuous, and that the presence of so many interested friends might also make the boys nervous. If they won, they could celebrate the victory more decorously at home. But Grace could not keep the people from going as far as the depot to see them off, and they were so heartily cheered as they steamed away that the passengers and even the conductor were much impressed.

The reappearance of Grace on crutches, and of the Malvern boys in their striking costumes caused a decided sensation. They avoided any conversation with the Hilltown people, and allowed Grace to act for them in arranging the preliminaries.

Pineville had sent two teams. Hilltown was satisfied with the "State champions," as they fondly called the Slades, and these, with Malvern's one team, balanced the games evenly.

The doubles opened with Merton and Prior against the second Pineville team, and the State champions against its first. Grace told his boys not to exert themselves, and to play only just well enough to win. They did as he said, and the second Pineville team were defeated in consequence by so few points that they felt quite pleased with themselves. The Slades had but little trouble with the other Pineville team.

Then the finals came on, and the people of Hilltown crowded up to see the demolition of the Malvernites, against whom they were now more than bitter, owing to Grace's evident interest in their success.

The Hilltown element were so anxious to show their great regard for the champions

that they had contributed an extra amount of money toward the purchase of prize cups over and above the fixed sum subscribed by each of the three clubs.

"Get those cups ready for us," said the elder Slade, as the four players took their places. Prior looked as if he was going to answer this taunt, but Grace shook his head at him.

Thatcher, whose late service to the Malvern team was unknown, acted at their request as one of the umpires. Two Hilltown men served as the referee and other umpire. The game opened up in a way that caused a cold chill to run down the backs of the Hilltown contingent. The despised Malvernites were transformed, and Hilltown could not believe its eyes.

"Are these the same boys who were here ten days ago?" asked an excited old gentleman. "They say they are," replied Mr. Percy Clay gloomily, "but they don't look it."

The Slades felt a paralyzing numbness coming over them as ball after ball came singing back into their court, placed in odd corners just out of reach of their rackets.

They held a hurried consultation, and rolled up their sleeves a little higher and tossed away their caps.

Grace had a far-away and peaceful look in his eyes that made the crowd feel nervous. The first set went six to four in favor of Malvern. Then the crowd surrounded the champions and poured good advice and reproaches upon them, which did not serve to help either their play or their temper.

The result of the second set convinced the umpire and referee that it was time to take a hand in the game themselves, and the decisions at once became so unfair that Grace hobbled over to that end of the court to see after things. But his presence had no effect on the perceptions of the Hilltown umpire. Grace hobbled back to Thatcher and asked him what they had better do about it. Thatcher said he was powerless, and Grace regretted bitterly that he had not brought a crowd with him to see fair play, for the boys were getting rattled at being robbed of so many of their hard-won points. To make matters worse, the crowd took Thatcher in hand, and disputed every decision he gave against Hilltown. Thatcher's blood rose at this, and forgetting

that the usual procedure would not be recognized by a Hilltown crowd, he turned on the spectators and told them that he would have the next man who interfered or questioned his decisions expelled from the grounds.

His warning was received with hoots of laughter and ironical cheers.

"Who's going to put us out?" asked the Hilltown youths derisively. But Thatcher had spoken in a loud voice, and his words and the answer to them had reached the ears of four straight-limbed young men who were at that moment making their way across the grounds. They broke into a run, and, shoving their way through the big crowd with an abruptness learned only in practice against a rush line on a foot-ball field, stood forth on the court in all the glory of orange and black blazers.

"The Four B's!" exclaimed Grace, with a gasp of relief.

"What seems to be the matter, Thatcher?" asked Barnes quietly. "Whom do you want put out?"

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Clay, running up in much excitement. "Get off this court. You'll be put out yourselves if you attempt to interfere."

Several of the Hilltown young men ran to Mr. Clay's assistance, while one of the Slades leaped over the net and seized Mr. Clay by the shoulder.

"Don't be a fool, Clay!" he whispered. "I know those men. Two of them play on the foot-ball team, and if they felt like it they could turn the whole town out of the grounds. Leave them alone."

Mr. Clay left them alone.

"Go on, Thatcher," said Black, with a nod, "if any of these gentlemen object to any decision, we will discuss it with them. That's what we're here for." Two of the Big Four seated themselves at the feet of the Hilltown umpire and looked wistfully up at him whenever he made a close decision. It was remarkable how his eyesight was improved by their presence.

The Malvern boys beamed with confidence again. The second set went to them, 6-4. Grace was so delighted that he excitedly stamped his bad foot on the turf, and then howled with pain.

The last set was "for blood," — as one of the collegians said.

The Slades overcame their first surprise, and settled down to fight for every point.

The Malvernites gave them all the fight they wanted. One by one the games fell now on one side, now on the other side of the net.

And when it came five games all, the disgust and disappointment of the crowd showed itself in shouts and cheers for their champions and hoots for their young opponents.

But all the cheering and hooting could not change the result.

"Set and game! Malvern wins!" shouted Thatcher, and then, forgetting his late judicial impartiality, threw his arms around Morton's neck and yelled.

The silence of the Hilltown people was so impressive that the wild yell of the college contingent sounded like a whole battery of sky-rockets instead of only four, and Grace sat down on the court and pounded the ground with his crutches.

"That's enough for me," he cried, "I don't care for the singles. I know when I've had enough! I'd have two sprained ankles to do it over again!"

Then the Slades announced that the singles would begin immediately after luncheon.

The Malvern contingent went to the hotel to find something to eat, and Blair slipped away to telegraph to Malvern.

Five minutes later the operator at that place jumped as if he had received a shock from his own battery, and hurried out into the street shouting, "Malvern's won the doubles, three straight sets!"

Judge Prior's coachman, who was waiting at the station for an express package, turned his horse and galloped back up Malvern's only street, shouting out:

"We've won. Master John and Mr. Merton's won the tennis match."

And then the people set to work to prepare a demonstration.

The Hilltown people thought they had never seen young men so disagreeable as were the Big Four after luncheon. They seated themselves like sentinels at the four corners of the court, and whenever any one ventured to jeer at Malvern's

representative they would burst into such an enthusiasm of cheering as to deafen the spectators.

There was no one in the singles but Slade and Merton, the Pineville representative having decided to drop out. Merton, was nervous, and Slade was determined to win. Both played as they had never played before, but Slade's service, which was his strong point, was nothing after the one to which Grace had accustomed Mer-

ton. And in spite of Slade's most strenuous efforts the games kept coming slowly and slightly in Merton's favor.

They were two sets all and were beginning the final set, when Barnes arose and disappeared in the crowd. But those of the quartette who were left made noise enough to keep Merton playing his best. It became a more and more bitter fight as the end drew near. Grace was so excited that not even his sprained ankle could keep him quiet, and Thatcher had great difficulty in restraining a desire to shout. At last Merton got "vantage," with only one point to win, but he missed the next ball and back went the score to "deuce" again. Three times this happened, and three times the college men half rose from the ground expecting to cheer and then sank

back again. "If he does that again," said Grace, "I'll have nervous prostration!" But he did n't do it again. He smashed the next ball back into Slade's court far out of his way, and then pulled down his sleeves as unconcernedly as if he had been playing a practice game.

The next moment Prior and the others had lifted him up on their shoulders, and were trampin garound the field with him shouting, "What's the matter with Malvern?" and "We



MERTON WINS THE SINGLES.

are the people!" and many other such highly ridiculous and picturesque cries of victory.

And then there came a shout from the entrance to the grounds, and up the carriage-way rode Barnes mounted on top of an old-fashioned, yellow-bodied stage-coach that he had found in some Hilltown livery-stable and decorated from top to bottom with the Malvern colors. He had four horses in hand, and he was waving his whip and shouting as if a pack of wolves or Indians were in close pursuit.

The boys clambered up on top of the coach and began blowing the horns and affixing the new brooms that Barnes had thoughtfully furnished for them. They were in such a hurry to start that they forgot the prizes; and if Grace had not reminded the boys, they would

have gone home content without the tokens of victory.

The faces of Mr. Percy Clay and the other contributors to the silver cups when they saw the prizes handed up to "that Malvern gang," as they now called them, were most pitiful.

"Fancy our giving two hundred dollars extra for those cups, and then having them go to Malvern!" groaned Mr. Clay.

The boys took the prizes without remark, and had the courtesy not to open the boxes in which the cups reposed on blue velvet until they were out of sight of the men who had lost them with such bad grace.

But when once they were on the road, with the wind whistling around their hats and the trees meeting over their heads and the sun smiling its congratulations as it sank for the night, they displayed the cups, and Grace said he had never seen any handsomer.

It really seemed as if the ten miles was covered in as many minutes, and though dogs ran out and barked at them, and the people in the fields stared at them as if thinking they were crazy, and although Barnes insisted on driving over every stone he could find and almost upsetting them, they kept up their spirits and shouted and sang the whole way.

The engineer of the train that had taken them up saw the coach on his return trip bounding through the shady high road where it ran parallel with his track, and told the operator at Malvern that "those boys were coming back on top of a circus band-wagon."

And the people of Malvern were ready to receive them, though they were still ignorant of the second victory. The young people lined the high road for a distance beyond the town, and the boys saw them from afar, seated on the fence-rails and in buggies and wagons. The other members of the club saw the stage, also, for one of the boys had been up in a tree on the lookout for the last half hour. And they

waved the club colors and all the flags they had been able to get at such short notice; but it was not until three of the Big Four stood up on top of the coach at the risk of breaking their necks, and held up the cups and waved them around their heads until they flashed like mirrors, that the club really cheered. And when they saw there were *cups* they set up such a hurrah that the cows in the next field tore madly off in a stampede. That night everybody in the town came to Dr. Merton's with the village band and thronged the big lawn; and Merton made a speech in which he spoke very highly of Prior, and of the Big Four who had helped to save the day, and of Thatcher, but most of all of Grace.

Then Grace had to speak leaning on his crutches; and the band played and the college boys sang and everybody handled the prizes and admired them even to the champions' satisfaction.

The next day Grace bade his new friends goodbye and went back to college, where his absence was attributed to his sprained ankle. He thought of the people of Malvern very often, of the twilight evenings spent on Dr. Merton's lawn listening to the college boys' singing and talking to the girls of the Malvern Tennis Club, and of the glorious victory of his pupils and the friendliness and kindness of his hosts.

He knew he would never forget them, but he never thought they would long remember him.

But, two weeks later, the expressman brought a big box with a smaller black one inside of it; and within, resting on its blue velvet bed, was a facsimile of the prize cup of the tri-club tournament. And it was marked, "To Charles Cole-ridge Grace. From the people of Malvern."

And when Grace exhibits the many prizes he has won, they say that it is this cup which he did *not* win that he handles most carefully and shows with the greatest pride.



September.

We made ourselves a castle
Once after school was out ;
We raked the leaves together
To wall it all about .

We made a winding pathway
Down to the school-yard gate,
And there we worked with might and main
Until the day grew late ;

Until one bright star twinkled
Above the maple tree ,
And lights shone down the village street
As far as we could see .

We planned that every recess
We'd come out there to play ,
But in the night it blew so hard
Our castle blew away .

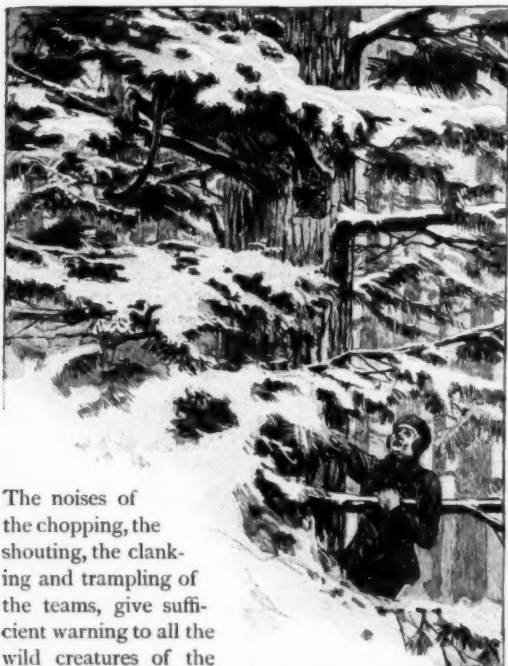
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K.P.

"CHOPPING HIM DOWN."

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

LIFE in the lumbermen's winter camps, deep in the backwoods of New Brunswick, Maine, or in Quebec, is not so adventurous as might at first appear. It grows monotonous to the visitor as soon as the strangeness of it has worn off.



The noises of the chopping, the shouting, the clanking and trampling of the teams, give sufficient warning to all the wild creatures of the woods, and they generally agree in giving wide berth to a neighborhood which has suddenly become so dangerous. The lumbermen are incessantly occupied, chopping and hauling from dawn to sundown; and at night they have little energy to expend on the hunting of bears or panthers. Their bunks and their blankets acquire an overwhelming attraction for them; and by the time the camp has concluded its after-supper smoke, and the sound of a few noisy songs

has died away, the wild beasts might creep near enough to camp to smell the pork and beans with little risk.

At rare intervals, however, the monotony of profound and soundless snows, of endless forests, of felled trees, of devious wood-roads, of ax and sled and chain, is sharply broken, and something occurs to remind the heedless woodsman that though in the wilderness he is yet not truly of it. He is suddenly made aware of those shy but savage forces which, regarding him as a trespasser on their domains, have been vigilantly keeping him under a keen and angry watch.

The spirit of the violated forest strikes a swift and sometimes effectual blow for revenge. A yoke of oxen are straining at their load: a great branch seems, with conscious purpose, to reach down and seize the nearest ox by his horns,—and the poor brute falls with his neck broken. A stout sapling is bent to the ground by a weight of ice and snow: the thaw or a passing team releases it, and by the fierce recoil a horse's leg is fractured. A lumberman strays off into the woods by himself, and is found, days afterward, half eaten by bears and foxes. A solitary chopper drops his ax, and leans against a tree to rest or to dream of his sweetheart in the distant settlements, and a panther drops from the branches above and seriously wounds him.

Yet the forest's vengeance is seldom accomplished, and on the careless woodsman the threat of it produces no permanent effect. His onward march will not be stayed. His ax goes everywhere.

There is perhaps nothing that so cheers the heart of the lumberman as to play a practical joke on one whom he calls a "greenhorn,"

"THERE, NOT TEN FEET ABOVE ME,
WAS A HUGE PANTHER."
(SEE PAGE 930.)

or in other words, any one unused to the strange ways and flavor of the lumber-camps. As may be imagined, the practical jokes in vogue in such rough company are not remarkable for gentleness. One of the harshest and most dangerous, as well as most admired, is that known as "chopping him down."

This means, in a word, that the unsophisticated stranger in the camp is invited to climb a tall tree to take observations or enjoy a remarkable view. No sooner has he reached the top, than a couple of vigorous axmen attack the tree at its base, while the terrified stranger makes fierce haste to descend from his too-lofty situation. Long before he can reach the ground the tree begins to topple. The men shout to him to get on the upper side,—which he does with appalled alacrity; and with a mighty swish and crash down comes the tree. As a general rule, the heavy branches so break the shock that the victim, to his intense astonishment, finds himself uninjured; though frequently he is frightened out of a year's growth. There are cases on record, however, where men have been crippled for life in this outrageous play; and in some cases the "boss" of the camp forbids it.

But it is not only the greenhorn who is subject to this discipline of chopping down. Even veterans sometimes like to climb a tree and take a view beyond the forest; and sometimes, on a holiday or a Sunday, some contemplative woodsman will take refuge in a tree-top to think of his sweetheart, or else to eat a sheet of stolen gingerbread. If his retreat be discovered by his comrades he is promptly chopped down with inextinguishable jeers.

I have mentioned stolen gingerbread. This bread is a favorite delicacy in the camps; and the cook who can make really good gingerbread is prized indeed. It is made in wide, thin, tough sheets; and while it is being served to the hands, some fellow occasionally succeeds in "hooking" a whole sheet while the cook's back is toward him. But in that same instant every man's hand is turned against him. He darts into the woods, devouring huge mouthfuls as he runs. If he is very swift of foot he may escape, eat his spoils in retirement, and stroll back, an hour later, with a conscious air of triumph. More often he has to take to a tree. Instantly all hands rush to chop

him down. He climbs no higher than is necessary, perches himself on a stout limb, and eats at his gingerbread for dear life. He knows just what position to take for safety, and often, ere the tree comes down, there is little gingerbread left to reward its captors. The meager remnant is usually handed over with an admirable submissiveness, if it is not dropped in the fall and annihilated in the snow and debris.

At one time I knew a lumberman who succeeded in hiding his stolen gingerbread in his long boot-legs, and slept with the boots under his head for security. The camp was on the banks of a lake. The time of the capture of the gingerbread Saturday night in spring. Next morning the spoiler took possession of the one "bateau" belonging to the camp, rowed out into the lake beyond the reach of stones and snowballs, and then calmly fished the gingerbread out of his boots. Sitting at ease in the bateau, he devoured his dainty with the utmost deliberation, while his chagrined comrades could only gup him from the shore.

For myself, I was chopped down once, and once only. It happened in this way. In the midwinter of 1879, I had occasion to visit the chief camp on the Little Madawaska. Coming from the city, and to a camp where I was a stranger to all the men, I was not unnaturally regarded as a pronounced specimen of the greenhorn. I took no pains to tell any one what the boss already well knew, that is, that I had been a frequenter of the camps from my boyhood. Many and many a neat trap was laid for my apparently "tender" feet, but I avoided them all as if by accident. As for climbing a tree, I always laughed at the idea when it was proposed to me. I always suggested that it might spoil my clothes. Before long the men, by putting little things together, came to the conclusion that I was an old stager; and, rather sheepishly, they gave over their attempts to entrap me. Then I graciously waved my hand, as it were, and was frankly received as a veteran, cleared from every suspicion of being green.

At last the day came when I *did* wish to climb a tree. The camp was on a high plateau, and not far off towered a magnificent pine tree, growing out of the summit of a knoll in such a way as to command all the surrounding coun-

try. Its branches were phenomenally thick; its girth of trunk was magnificent. And this tree I resolved one day to climb, in order to get a clear idea of the lay of the land. Of course I strolled off surreptitiously, and, as I thought, unwatched. But there I was much mistaken. No sooner was I two-thirds of the way up the tree than, with shouts of laughter, the lumbermen

decided that, considering their numbers, there would be at least no more danger for them than that to which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling. And, already influenced by that touch of nature which makes us so wondrous kind, I began to hope that the panther would succeed in making his escape.

The trunk of the pine was so thick that I might almost have reached the ground before the choppers could cut it through. At last it gave a mighty shudder and sagged to one side. I balanced myself nimbly on the upper side, steadying myself by a convenient branch. The great mass of foliage, presenting a wide surface to the air, made the fall a comparatively slow one; but the tremendous sweep of the draught upward, as the tree-top described its gigantic arc, gave me a sickening sensation. Then came the final dull and thunderous crash, and—in an instant, I found myself standing in my place, jarred but unhurt, with the snow threshed up all about me.

The next instant there was another roar, or rather a sort of screaming yell, overwhelming the riotous laughter of the woodsmen; and out of the confusion of pine-boughs shot the tawny form of the panther in a whirlwind of fury. One of the choppers was in his path, and was bowled over like a clumsy nine-pin. The next bound brought the beast on to the backs of a yoke of oxen, and his cruel claws severely scratched the oxen's necks. As the poor animals bellowed and fell on their knees, the panther paused, with some idea, apparently, of fighting the whole assembled party. But as the men, recovered from their first amazement, rushed with their axes to the rescue of the oxen, the panther saw that the odds were all against him. He turned half round and greeted his enemies with one terrific and strident snarl, then bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him. The owner of the oxen hurled an ax after him, but the missile flew wide of its mark.

As the excitement subsided, and I saw that the chopper who had been knocked over was none the worse for his tumble, I chafed my tormentors unmercifully. For their part they had no answer ready. They seemed almost to think that I had conjured up the panther for the



ENJOYING STOLEN SWEETS.

rushed out of the surrounding cover and proceeded to chop me down. The chance was too good for them to lose.

I concealed my annoyance, and made no attempt to descend. On the contrary I thanked them for the little attention, and climbed a few feet further up, to secure a position which I saw would be a safe one for me when the tree should fall. As I did so, I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree.

There, not ten feet above me, stretched at full length along a large branch, was a huge panther, glaring with rage and terror. From the men below his form was quite concealed. Glancing restlessly from me to my pursuers, the brute seemed uncertain just what to do. As I carefully refrained from climbing any further up, and tried to assume an air of not having observed him, he apparently concluded that I was not his worst enemy. In fact, I dare say he understood what was going on and realized that he and I were fellow-sufferers.

I laughed softly to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken aback when that panther should come down among them. I

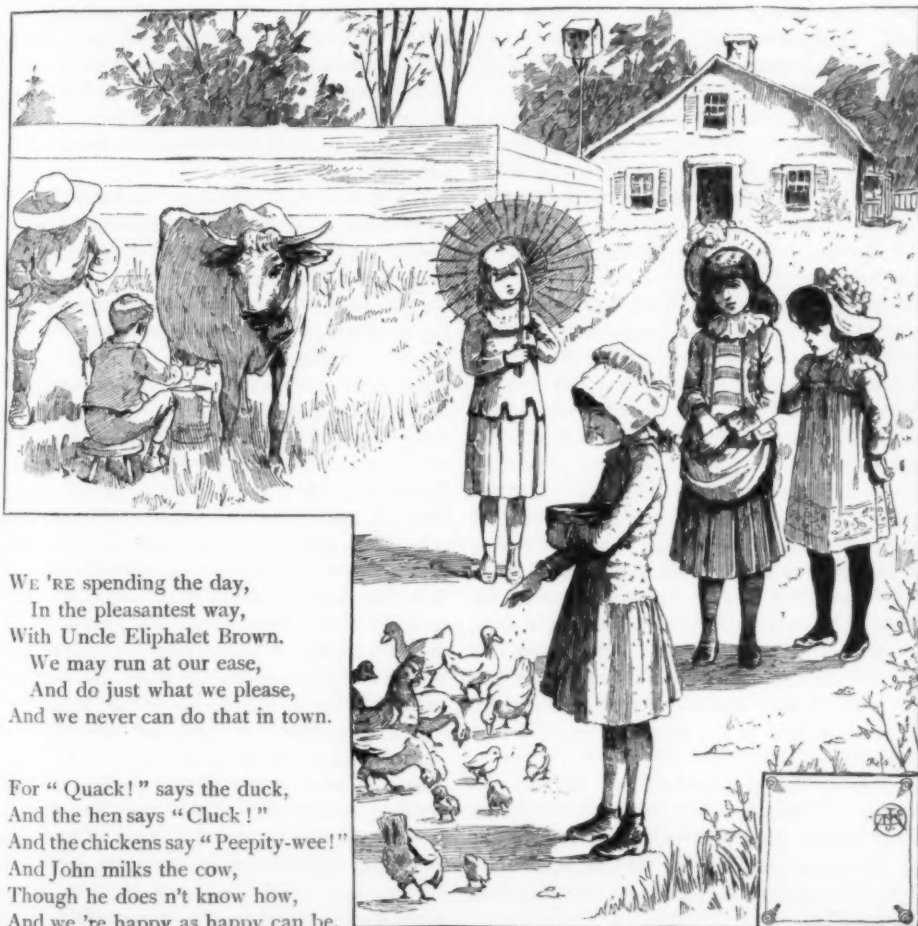
occasion. I thanked them most fervently for coming to my rescue with such whole-hearted good-will, and promised them that if ever again I got into a tree with a panther I would send for them at once. Then I set myself to doctoring the unfortunate oxen, whose lacerated necks and shoulders we soon mended up with

impromptu plasters. And the owner of the oxen gratefully vowed to me, "If ever I see any of the chaps a-laying for ye agin, an' any of my critters is around, I'll tip ye the wink, shore!"

For which I thanked him very cordially, but assured him that I hoped I could look out for myself.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



We 're spending the day,
In the pleasantest way,
With Uncle Eliphalet Brown.
We may run at our ease,
And do just what we please,
And we never can do that in town.

For "Quack!" says the duck,
And the hen says "Cluck!"
And the chickens say "Peepity-wee!"
And John milks the cow,
Though he does n't know how,
And we 're happy as happy can be.

TWO SURPRISE PARTIES.

BY JOHN CLOVER.



USY sounds issued from a country district school-house one August day as the noon hour drew near. The eye of the day, undimmed by the slightest mote of a cloud, glared down on the wilting fields and woods. The air was throbbing with heat. The cattle had sought the shade. The farmers and their teams were trying to keep cool in the houses and barns.

But the precious noon hour, hot and dazzling as was the day, must not in inactivity be lost to the prisoners of the school soon to be set at liberty. Among the boys, it was plain to be seen, there was something unusual on the programme for this day. A hornet's nest was to be attacked!

Rations from bright tin pails were hastily devoured; the soldiery were marshaled, and the little army started—the youth and valor of District number nine, the flower of Smoky Valley and Miami Hills. Nearly all were veterans in warfare with many of the lance-armed tribes of the field. On many a day had we fought and vanquished the yellow-jackets. We had stormed the castles of the wasps, and borne far away their family treasures. We had attacked the bumble-bees in the meadows, and robbed their larders of stores of honey. But with the hornets, those most retired but fiercest fighters of all the lancers, few of us had ever been in a regular engagement. In fact, only two had seen any service against them; and these two were appointed to act as our generals on this eventful occasion.

The foe were said to be in an old apple orchard on a hillside traversed by ravines, half a mile from the school-house. To reach it we had to cross a pasture-field, a corn-field, some stubble, and a by-road that led to the gravel-beds of a creek.

One faint heart faltered and turned back. He was a town "mother's pet," in the neighborhood on a visit. Two more deserted subsequently. In crossing the pasture, little "Bunty" Crook, armed with his bow and arrow, with which he had become quite proficient, ran a thorn through the tough sole of his bare, brown foot; he threw himself on his back, a comrade, with a pair of pincers improvised from jack-knife and thumb, drew the torturing shaft; and poor Bunty, with tears of anguish in his eyes, but every ounce honest pluck, hobbled along in the rear, leaving bloody footprints as did the patriots at Valley Forge.

We skirted the corn-field, its sword-blade leaves twisted in the heat into the form of scabbards. "A snake! a snake!" Out of the weedy border and in among the corn; with beaded head high, erect, and fiery; forked tongue playing like a splinter of lightning, ran a big, black "racer." There was a sudden, startled halt, a quick rallying of nerve, and a bold dash of pursuit into the forest of maize. "Here he comes!" "Hit him!" "Look out!" "There he is!" "Run, run!" "Hurray!" and Rob Rankin, the widow's son, nailed the snake with the stroke of a "shinney-stick" across the ebony back, just as he was gliding into an immense log heap among the corn, where once ensconced he would have been secure from a thousand boys. He was soon dispatched and showed, from his ugly jaws to the tip of his writhing tail (which we believed would live until sun-down), just five feet and ten inches by Sam Featherstone's tape-line.

Emerging from the corn, and crossing the stubble and road, we cautiously entered the grassy orchard. Here, all unconscious of impending danger, the enemy were encamped. It well behooved all now to be wary. The more impetuous were ordered to the rear, with the warning that a false step was likely to bring upon us sore disaster. A commanding knoll

was reached, and, in silence, Sam Featherstone pointed his fateful finger across a ravine in the direction of a mammoth, lichen-covered tree. There, sure enough, in plain view, was the round lead-colored tent of the foe suspended from one of the lowest boughs like a balloon, as big as a bushel basket. Now and then a hornet could be seen entering or leaving the nest by the small opening at the bottom. A council of war was held. What should be the tactics? Should it be an open, square attack and battle, with such weapons as we could provide? — or should it be some species of strategy? Some who had been the keenest advocates of a sharp, hand-to-hand fight now gave indications of weakening. One even suggested that the job be postponed until some day when it was cloudy and raining, as the hornets then did not fight so hard.

Dan Bruner's plan was a masterpiece. It was carried by acclamation of the whole army: Slip up quietly; pop a plug of grass into that small doorway; drag down the nest, and hurry off with it, with such of the enemy as were at home securely bottled up in their own fort. A bright idea that, if successfully carried into practice. But who would volunteer to do the plugging? Dan Bruner, the great originator of the scheme, was unanimously elected. He accepted the office with an air of apparent reluctance and native modesty, which would have done credit to an old diplomatist. He was one of the veterans, claiming to have seen considerable hornet-fighting and to have felt more than once the point of the javelins. Collecting a large handful of long, dry grass, he twisted it into a hard bunch, and started out on his perilous venture. By a circuitous route he crossed the ravine and carefully approached the tree,—the lurking place of so many foes. At length he reached the trunk on the side opposite the nest; then he took off his hat, wiped his streaming brow, and screwed up his courage a little tighter. With the grass stopper held out in advance, he crouched and was moving slowly around the tree, when "ping!" went Bunty's bowstring, and an arrow piercing the nest half buried itself. Run, Dan, run, as you value your life! Out came three or four stout fellows of the home-guard, or sentries

at the gate, to see what was the matter, and immediately decided that Dan was the author of the mischief. Inside the tent there was a humming and a drumming and sounding of a general call to arms. The bewildered Dan, hesitating a moment, took the alarm, and plunged across the ravine and into the midst of us with a score of red-hot hornets about his ears or in close pursuit. These generously divided their attentions among us all. The attacking party assumed the defensive without delay. An earnest (if not masterly) retreat was unanimously agreed upon, and it was as speedy as was consistent with proper defense. Bayonet charge followed bayonet charge. The home-guard fought without mercy, and sharply pressed pursuit. Hats were doffed, arms flung madly in air, and howls of anguish uttered. One of our leaders rolled in the grass in fierce combat with what might have been the general in command of the sortie, a fiery old warrior with a terrible scimitar. A red-headed boy had an angry fencer entangled among his glowing curls, burying its cruel dagger to the hilt at every thrust.

It was a complete rout. We were driven from the orchard, over the road, across the stubble, and into the rustling corn, where we managed to shake off our assailants. Our army, who lately passed that way so hopeful and courageous, was now scattered, broken, and terrified. After some delay and much signaling, our forlorn band was reassembled at a spring, in an elm-tree's shadow, where we slaked our burning thirst and recounted our wounds. Not one had escaped. The light, scant summer garments which we wore afforded poor protection against their keen weapons, and the enemy did not need to be particular in selecting a spot for a home-thrust. The presentation of our red, swollen frontispieces at school, and at home in the evening, caused us mortifying embarrassment in addition to the physical pain which we suffered.

Every soldier survived that terrible day, but in the lonely orchard hung a hornet's nest, with an arrow sticking in its side; and there it hung and swung, without further molestation, until the coming of the frosts.

A LITTLE BROWN WITCH.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THE last of the dark-faced children had departed, and Ellice was alone in the deserted school-room, with the afternoon sun slanting in through the doorway which the retreating troop had left open. Her eye wandered mechanically over books and desks to see that they had been left in proper order, and half absently took note of various little details that made this long, low room unlike an ordinary school-room in "the States"—the American flag draped above the blackboard, the strange fern-like moss and the oddly carved arrows that decorated her table, and in one corner the little pile of white blankets which, borrowed from the "Home," had served as a bed for the two or three babies whose mothers came to be taught with their children. It had been a trying day, and the young teacher breathed a sigh of mingled weariness and relief as she turned her gaze to the outer world revealed by the window near her—the distant line of buildings that marked the village with its one short street, the mission chapel and Home on the outskirts, the half-ruined structure which told of a former Russian occupation, and the fringe of Indian dwellings straggling away in every direction. Low, half-buried huts were many of these last, while before the doors of the more pretentious cabins stood queer, tall, curiously carved poles, pointing their strange fingers skyward. Farther away was the background of towering Alaskan mountains, snow-crested here and there, but seen through thin veils that robed them in rose, amethyst, or emerald.

A breeze from the Pacific swept up the sound, and rustled the papers at Ellice's elbow; and it seemed to the girl like the voice of the wind among the old maples at home,—a far-away home where she was not "Teacher," but only "Nell,"—and her thoughts wandered to the dear circle there. So busy were memory and fancy that the present and its surroundings were

forgotten. She did not heed a swift step, nor notice that she was no longer alone, until a hand touched her arm.

"Teacher, come!"

The hurried voice, the agitated face, the anguish in the dark eyes bent upon her startled Ellice to her feet at once.

"What is it, Taluma? Tell me what has happened?"

"My sister! My little one! They have taken her for a *witch*!"

Ellice's face paled. One did not need to live long in Alaska to learn all the horror of such a statement, and Ellice, who knew how this sister's loyal heart was bound up in the life of the little one, grew sick with the sudden blow.

"Oh, Taluma! are you sure? Who did it?"

But the Indian girl interrupted the questioning with an imperative gesture and imploring cry:

"Oh, Teacher, come!"

"We must get help. We must go to the Home," said Ellice, while she hastily donned hat and shawl. But even while she spoke, a swift remembrance flashed upon her that the superintendent had that morning been called to Fort Wrangell, and that the matron was just recovering from illness.

"No time; too late,—be too late," urged Taluma in agonized protest. "You come. Canoe down there."

There seemed indeed nothing else that could be done at once. The village to which Taluma belonged was but three miles distant, and Ellice reflected, as they hastened down to the beach, that if they could reach the place before the child was harmed, her influence, even though it failed to procure release, might avail to stay proceedings until more potent authority could be summoned. Evidently that was Taluma's hope. The white face, the civilized dress, the English tongue, represented power; and yet she

knew,—alas, how well!—the strength of superstition and hatred that would oppose her. She had caught up the blankets that formed the bed in the school-room, (the little one might need them if they should be so fortunate as to bring her back), and, with the deference of habit, she arranged them for the teacher's seat; but she scarcely seemed to breathe until the canoe shot out into the water.

Once fairly under way, she was able to tell the story—meager enough in its details—as it had reached her through a friendly Indian. A woman in the village had suddenly become ill, and the “medicine-men,” according to custom, ascribed it to witchcraft. They had declared the helpless little hunchback, a mere baby of seven years, to be the witch who must suffer torture and death.

“My little one! my darling!” moaned Taluma in her native tongue.

Ellice's heart was hot, and her eyes were wet, with indignation and pity. Poor Taluma, turning away from the darkness of the old life, had struggled upward so bravely! She and the little sister were orphans, and the strong, courageous girl had toiled for and shielded the little one, lavishing upon her all the tenderness of her untaught, hungry heart. She refused every offer that would separate them, until an uncle, the guardian of the girls, anxious to secure the price that would be paid for her as a wife, and enraged at her refusal to agree to his selecting a husband for her, determined to carry out his plan by force. Then, as the only alternative, Taluma ran away and begged for admittance at the Mission Home. But the shelter that received her was already full to overflowing. There was no room, no suitable place, for the little Wish, and, moreover, the enraged uncle refused to give up the child. But his opposition, which was due only to anger and not at all in accord with his self-interest,—since there was no prospect that any one would buy the crippled girl for a wife,—had gradually softened in the year and a half since Taluma, partly to compensate for his loss but more to make him kind toward little Wish, had carried him such peace-offerings as she could contrive to earn; and it was understood that as soon as the new wing of the Home building should be finished, Wish

should come also. To Taluma, study and the new ways had opened a whole world of hope and aspiration. She drank in knowledge eagerly. No other pupil learned so rapidly or improved so marvelously, and it was all for the sake of Wish,—little Wish, who should be petted, shielded, and taught, and should never again feel the shadow of the old, hard life. Daily Taluma's handsome face had been growing brighter as she counted the weeks—only a few—until the little one could be with her.

And now *this* had come!

“Would your uncle give her up to those men? Could not he protect her?” questioned Ellice.

Taluma shook her head. She well knew that resistance often proved futile, even when the accused had many friends; and for this poor little orphan her uncle would not be likely to imperil his own life.

“Not care enough for do that!” she said bitterly.

Her strong young arms were well used to paddling, and nerved by love and fear they sent the light boat rapidly through the water. The lights and shadows, the changing tints of sky and wave, a glimpse of forest-clad islands, and the varied beauty of the indented shore made a picture of rare loveliness. But Taluma, with gaze strained eagerly forward, saw only the distant point she longed to reach; and even Ellice, trying amid a whirl of thought to form some plan of action, was for once blind to the beauty around her.

Frantic haste and anxious planning were alike vain, however, for when they reached the village Wish was gone; she had been carried away by her captors and a motley troop of followers of both sexes and all ages to a deserted camp about two miles distant.

It was not easy to obtain details, for the excitement of the accusation and arrest had aroused all the superstition of the natives, their awe of the Shaman* and the fear of witchcraft, and they were inclined to hold themselves aloof from the sister of the “witch.” There were also friends and relatives of the sick woman who divined at once the mission of the new-comers, and followed them with lowering and suspicious glances. Taluma's uncle was sullen and gloomy, and

* The “medicine-man.”

seemed chiefly concerned about the "much trouble" that had been brought upon himself. Ellice sought one of the head men of the village, a chief whom, because of his knowing English and his long intercourse with the whites, she

all places in the United States. If they could but telegraph to Sitka or Wrangell! But this land, so beautiful, was desolately far from help.

Taluma silently pushed out into the water, and then she turned a resolute face to her companion.

"Teacher, you go back. A little way down, I leave you; some boat will find to take you."

"And what will you do, Taluma?"

"I will go to her—my poor baby! my only one!" Again the tender names were wailed in the Indian tongue.

Ellice looked at her through a mist of tears. Back in her old New England home amid the rustling maples was a little sister, the pet of the household. A vision of that blue-eyed darling in cruel hands, left alone to meet torture and death, flashed upon Ellice its sudden horror. If certain death were before her she would never turn back and leave her own, and she could not ask Taluma to do so. Should she desert her? Memories, hopes, all that made her young life sweet, rose before her, but with them came some old words about losing one's life to save it, and a pitiful saving that was only losing.

"I will go with you," she said simply.

There was no answer in words, but the dark eyes flashed upon her one eloquent look. Presently, as she turned the prow of her craft from a little inlet into a narrower stream, Taluma explained:

"They go across land; it nearer by water. I know the place."

It had been one of their summer villages or camps, where the natives often met to gather fish-eggs and berries and prepare them for winter use. It was a lonely spot, and Taluma moored her canoe where a heavy strip of woodland running far down toward the water would conceal their landing, and might prevent the boat from being seen. Having removed the blankets, she took the further precaution of taking out the paddles also, so that, if the canoe were discovered, it might not be taken away.

"We will hide them," she said, leading the way in and out among the trees and through the undergrowth of dogwood, berry-bushes, and wild roses that grew, in this sheltered spot, in almost tropical luxuriance. She knew the ground well, and soon paused where a tangled thicket had



ALASKAN GIRL.

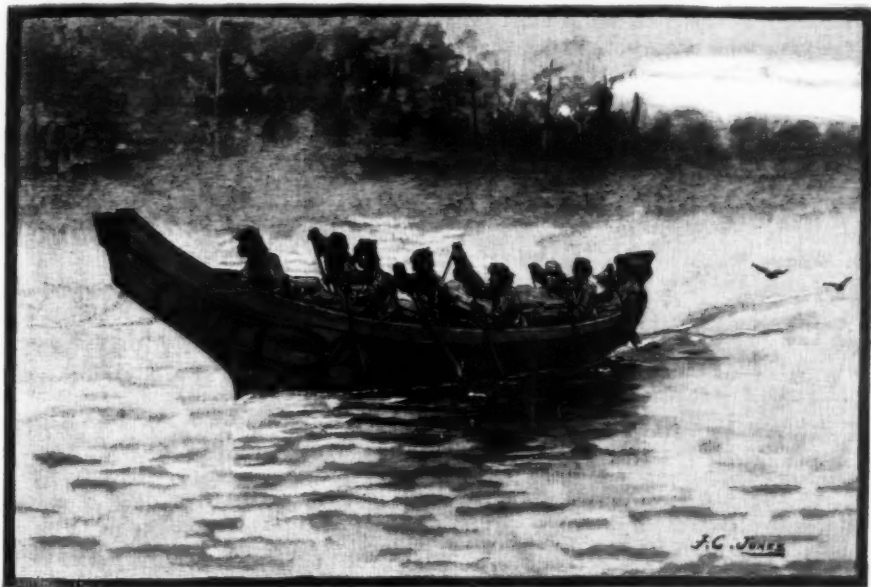
hoped to influence; but he stoutly protested his inability to do anything. He had "made talk to the people," but they would not listen. It would be not only useless but dangerous to interfere. The people were enraged over the supposed discovery, and, moreover, had been drinking *hoochinoo* until they were wild, and whoever attempted to turn them from their purpose would only draw vengeance upon himself. He positively refused to go with the girls to seek the child's release, and declared that it would be madness for them to go. It was unsafe for them even to remain where they were; and he counseled their immediate return, suggesting that they could then send "governor, soldier, big missionary-man, to make talk" to the natives.

The girls understood that this plea was urged merely in the hope of getting rid of them, and because the chief knew full well that long before such aid could be summoned little Wish would have met her doom. But there was nothing to be gained from him, and they turned to go, Taluma herself leading the way back to the canoe as if she had accepted his decision. Ellice's eyes swept wave and sky with a wild thought of the network of wires that connected

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formed a natural bower. Passing through the narrow opening, she hid paddles and blankets, and came again to Ellice's side. They had decided that whatever they did must be done either through stealth or strategy, for even where they stood there reached them the shouts and yells of the drunken, dancing Indians, clearly confirming all the chief had said. A short distance from them, the thick grove dwindled to a straggling fringe of trees; and beyond that was a clearing. They cautiously made their way forward, keeping out of sight, until

the long Alaskan day had just reached its twilight, and they could hope for no more favorable opportunity, and whatever they did must be done at once. After a hurried consultation, Taluma emerged into the open space, while Ellice, whose face and dress would at once have attracted attention, remained behind the trees. Cautiously seeming to mingle with the people, yet keeping in the shade as much as possible, and keeping away from any one who might recognize her, the Indian girl slowly edged her way toward the hut that held her treasure, until



ALASKAN WAR-CANOE.

the whole scene was before them—a blazing fire, and the howling mob around it. At one side some fresh earth had been thrown up, showing where a shallow pit had been dug. Ellice understood its significance, and shuddered—these villagers buried their “witches” alive! Taluma’s quick eyes assured her that the form she sought was not among the throng by the fire, and she pointed to a half-ruined hut on the outskirts of the crowd, and whispered:

“She tied there, alone.”

There was little need to whisper, for the din was so great that loud speech would have been unheard. It was late by Ellice’s watch, but

she stood in the shadow close beside it. The firelight gleamed in through the half-open door, dimly lighting up the rude interior. There were crevices enough through which she could discern the poor little captive, cruelly fastened so that her feet could scarcely touch the ground, and with her hands bound behind her. Her faint moan, a call on the only love she knew, rent the sister’s heart:

“Taluma! Taluma!”

Evidently the Indians did not dream of an attempt at rescue. In the security of being all of one mind and far away from any interference, they made no special effort to guard

the cabin, and even the binding of the victim was more a matter of ceremony than a precaution against her escape. Occasionally, one of the "medicine-men" entered to march in mystic circle around her while performing some mummery for the benefit of the sick woman, or some valiant brave ventured inside the door to shake his club at the poor little "witch;" but for the greater part of the time all were occupied with the ceremonies at the fire.

Watching her opportunity, Taluma slipped through the doorway. A low word of warning to the little one, the swift cutting of the bands that secured hands and feet, and in a minute or two she was outside again with the child in her arms.

She longed to fly, but dared make no hurried movement. Slowly, with Wish now painfully walking a few steps as less likely to attract observation, now lifted into the sister's strong arms to save time, they retreated toward the wood.

To Ellice, watching breathlessly, the dragging minutes seemed ages; but Taluma had almost reached the shelter of the trees when a sudden cry near the hut announced that the escape was discovered. Further caution was useless, and Taluma darted forward with her burden; but she was seen, and instant pursuit followed. The girls had the advantage of knowing where they were going, and they ran directly for the thicket; while their pursuers, not near enough to keep them in sight, now circled about almost aimlessly through the bushes.

But their capture seemed only delayed. Cowering in their hiding-place, the girls knew that it could afford them but brief shelter. Taluma clasped closely the little one whose trembling arms clung to her neck, and waited in dumb despair the vengeance her deed had provoked. To Ellice, the fierce beating of the bushes, and the shouts and cries, now nearer, now more distant, were maddening.

It seemed to her intolerable to wait there inactive until those terrible hands should seize her. She felt a wild impulse to rush out and meet death half-way, since die she must; and she turned to the Indian girl with a questioning glance.

Then suddenly, born of her very despera-

tion—or was it an inspiration?—there darted through her brain a plan, hazardous indeed, but offering a faint gleam of hope. She caught up one of the blankets and pinned it closely about her throat, so that it would fall around her to the ground. The other blanket she fastened to one of the paddles, hastily twisting the top into a rude imitation of a head. Then taking the paddle in her hands, she held it up so that the blanket fastened to it fell around the upper part of her figure, concealing her head and forming altogether a grotesque figure of stupendous height.

Years before, in childish games at home, she had played "tall white lady" with her merry companions; but now her life hung on the success of the weird representation, and every heart-throb was a prayer as she crept out of the thicket, slipped from tree to tree, and then walked slowly out into a more open space, where she would be seen. With trembling limbs, but measured step, she traversed the little glade.

In a moment, a deafening yell announced that she had attracted attention, but the stillness that instantly followed showed that the figure had produced wonder if not terror.

That odd, white figure, supernaturally tall, moving slowly along in the dim light, and seemingly unconscious of any human presence, was strange and weird enough to have startled any beholder; and the effect on these ignorant and superstitious natives, excited as they were by all the "conjuring" of the afternoon, can scarcely be described.

With that same strange, noiseless, swaying motion the ghostlike form slowly traversed a circle, while the awe-struck observers, huddled closely together at a respectful distance, watched it with staring eyes.

The first triumphant shout of discovery had drawn nearly the whole party to the spot, and Ellice felt that they must not be allowed to examine too carefully, or have time for familiarity to lessen the first impression. So, though her heart beat fast with fear, she turned her steps deliberately toward them.

That was too much to be borne. With a howl of terror they all turned and fled, the "medicine-men" leading in the frantic race, and the specter

was left in full possession of the field. Gliding cautiously toward the thicket, she summoned Taluma; and, moving behind her, covered her retreat to the boat. Speedily they swept down

Even then they strained their eyes anxiously in every direction, and shrank in alarm from any dark spot on the water. But they made the voyage unmolested, and reached home in safety.

On Ellice the strain and excitement told heavily, and many days of illness and fever followed.

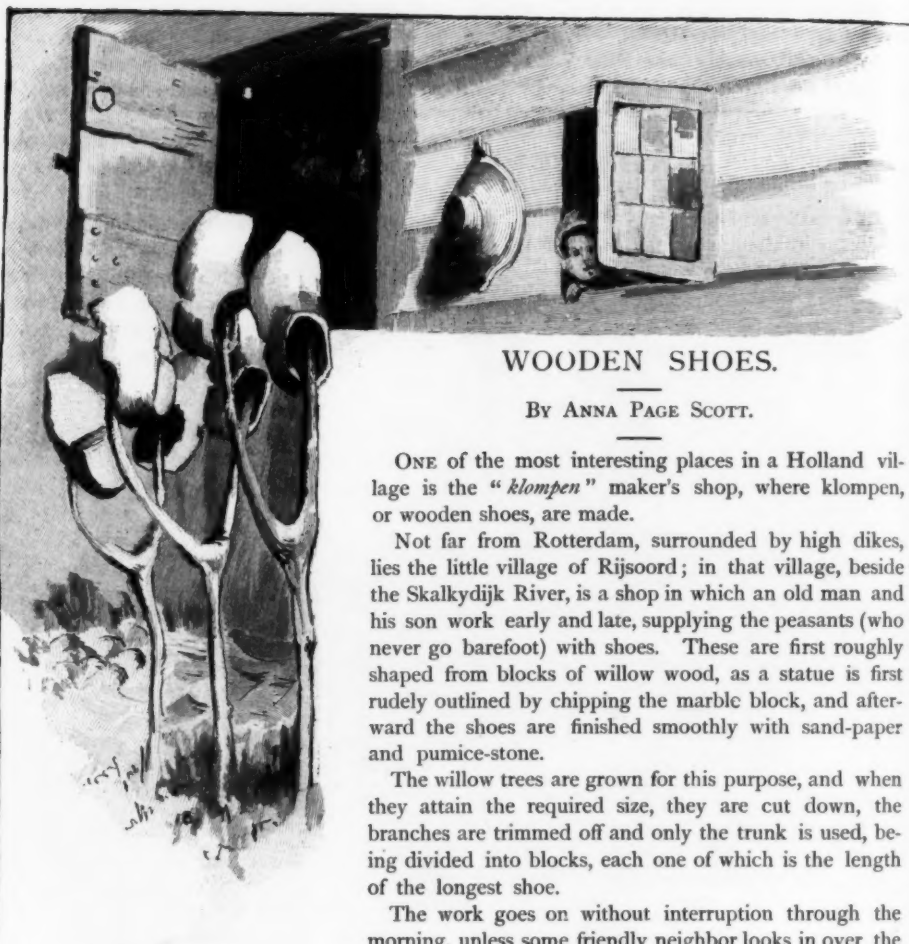
When once she began to mend, however, recovery was rapid; for there was Taluma bending above her with a face like sunshine, while at a pleasant window sat Wish, her little brown



"WITH A HOWL OF TERROR THEY ALL TURNED AND FLED."

the little river, starting at every sound, and only breathed freely when they found themselves out upon the wider waters.

hands blissfully occupied with a doll, and her look of childish content answering with her voice to whoever asked her: "Me Berry happy."



BLEACHING FOR SUNDAY.

WOODEN SHOES.

BY ANNA PAGE SCOTT.

ONE of the most interesting places in a Holland village is the "*klompen*" maker's shop, where *klompen*, or wooden shoes, are made.

Not far from Rotterdam, surrounded by high dikes, lies the little village of Rijsoord; in that village, beside the Skalkydijk River, is a shop in which an old man and his son work early and late, supplying the peasants (who never go barefoot) with shoes. These are first roughly shaped from blocks of willow wood, as a statue is first rudely outlined by chipping the marble block, and afterward the shoes are finished smoothly with sand-paper and pumice-stone.

The willow trees are grown for this purpose, and when they attain the required size, they are cut down, the branches are trimmed off and only the trunk is used, being divided into blocks, each one of which is the length of the longest shoe.

The work goes on without interruption through the morning, unless some friendly neighbor looks in over the half-open Dutch door; and this is the occasion seized upon by the two men for refilling and lighting their pipes,

and drawing a few long whiffs, while they listen to a little village gossip.

At eleven o'clock the good *wrouw* appears at the door with "*koffij, jongens*" (coffee, boys), and they follow her into the adjoining room. It has a low, thatched roof of deep-yellow reeds, and contains the great fireplace, where in damp weather the newly-made shoes are placed before the fire to dry.

All their food is cooked in the same fireplace, excepting the bread, which in every peasant's home is supplied by the baker.

The shoes are piled round the smoldering embers, often with the tea-kettle simmering among them; and while the sap dries out, they give little groans, and sighs, as if they knew the hard fate awaiting them when the time shall come for them to cover the feet of some sturdy Dutch peasant or workman and to clatter over the pavements of the town.

After this morning's refreshment, which all of the peasants enjoy, they return to work.

Sometimes, among the piles of white shavings, there are customers waiting to be fitted with new shoes; and from the rows of shoes suspended from the ceiling, and across the side walls, for *kinderen* and grown folks, the right size is always found.

The Hollanders make so many uses of wooden shoes, one is persuaded to believe the "Old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many

dreams of future wealth to be realized "when his ship comes in."

The boats that one may see on the rivers and the coasts of Holland are not unlike the wooden shoes in shape, and the same model may originally have served for both.

The school-boy, heated by play, stops beside the nearest stream, pulls off his shoe, and fills it with water, which he drinks with as much satis-



IN THE WORKSHOP. MAKING WOODEN SHOES.

children she did n't know what to do," was a Dutch *vrouw*. The children turn shoes into boats, and paint them a rich deep brown, in imitation of the large boats which sail on the river Maas. As they trim the tiny sails of their ships, and launch them upon the waters of a *sloot* to some imaginary Van Diemen's land, not to be found in a geography, they seem possessed with the same spirit which inspired the Dutch navigators of earlier days.

There are very many sloots (which are deep ditches full of water), used both to fence and to fertilize the land; so the voyage of the shoe may be a long one, and the owner of the little vessel will have abundant opportunity to indulge in

faction as if it were a delicious draught from a silver cup.

Wooden shoes are ornamental as flower-pots, and many a bright flower whose roots are firmly bedded in a shoe has graced the window of some peasant's cottage — a joy to the owner, and a pleasure to the passing traveler.

They are useful as hammers, and it is not uncommon to see a *koopman* (merchant) by the wayside, with a few taps of his shoe mending his cart, piled high with yellow carrots or little round Dutch cheeses, while his dogs rest in the traces.

These shoes also take the place of the obsolete birch-rod of our grandmothers' days. The



THE WOODEN SHOE AS A
DRINKING-CUP.

good *vrouw*, in her quaint cap of spotless white, with gold spiral pins, called *krullen*, placed above the ears, does not look very much like such grandmothers as we have known, but her discipline resembles theirs in severity if not in kind.

During the week, after school hours, the little girls walk along the dikes in rows, knitting; and the clatter of their shoes, to an ear unfamiliar with it, is, except that is without

the military regularity, like the sound of an advancing regiment.

Saturday is the great cleaning day in Rijsoord, when everything is made ready for Sunday, the day of rest. The houses are scrubbed inside and out, and among the pots and kettles, are seen the wooden shoes; these, scoured snowy white, hang upon forked sticks near the doorway to dry in the wind and sun as you may see them in the picture at the beginning of this article.

The morning brings the sound of *klumpen* along the dikes, and rows of people are seen walking toward the kirk. At the door they leave their shoes, like faithful servants, to await their return later, after a three hours sermon by the dominie.

In the afternoon, the young men and women stroll up and down the Promendijk, which is the "Fifth Avenue" of the village—its general promenade and meeting place. They exchange nods and friendly greetings until sundown, when



DRYING SHOES BEFORE THE FIRE.

the busy week begins again, and the wooden shoes soon take on their week-day coat of tan.

MY TRIPLE PLAY.

BY THOMAS WORTHINGTON KING.

THE road leading to the ball-ground was thronged on that Saturday afternoon, for the juniors and the seniors of the Ridge Academy were to play the deciding game of the series for the school championship, each having won seven of the fifteen games that constituted the year's contests. The vacations at "Ridge's" came in the spring and fall, with recesses of a few days at Christmas and at Easter. From the middle of June until the middle of September was the "long term," and during the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays the baseball games were played.

"Ridge's" ranked high among boarding-schools. The location was healthful, the village a pleasant one, the climate salubrious, and the surroundings were of a kind to admit of all sorts of sport. The long hill road that led to the banks of the creek, where the boys swam in summer and skated in winter, furnished admirable coasting facilities during the latter season, and the elevated plateau on which the village stood provided superb ball-grounds, for which nature had done so much that art could make little improvement.

To the right and left of the catcher's position, and far enough away not to interfere with that important factor in a well-contested game, stood a dozen or more tall trees that afforded welcome shade to the batting nine and spectators. From the home-plate to center-field the smooth turf lay as even as the top of a table, and the diamond was without a flaw. Deceptive bounds of swift grounders and resulting black eyes or bruised noses were unknown on the grounds of the Ridge Academy Base-ball Club.

Long before the hour set for the game—three o'clock—the shady places under the trees, where benches had been placed, were packed with spectators; for Ridge's was one of the features of the village and all the residents were

deeply interested in whatever concerned the school. Besides, there were numerous summer visitors then sojourning at the hotel and at the various boarding-houses, and, as many of them were friends or relatives of the school-boys, they were very enthusiastic attendants.

There was a predominance of lavender ribbons as it happened, for lavender was the junior class-color. The nine of that class was the favorite, and one reason was that though the younger and the weaker club they had held their own so well against the brawny giants who composed the seniors' nine; for the juniors were the lowest class in school. Next above them came the lower middle class, then the upper middle, and finally the seniors; so that it was a contest not only between the "senior" and "junior" classes, but also between the senior and junior members of the school.

By two o'clock most of the juniors were on the ground, and by half-past all were there, and practicing furiously. They were slim, slightly built lads, but coached by their captain and short-stop—"Jack Scoop," they called him—to a remarkable excellence in throwing and running. Jack himself was a phenomenon, and had infused a large amount of his own fire, activity, and accuracy into his "team." Splendid fielders, all of them, they made up in this respect for their weakness at the bat.

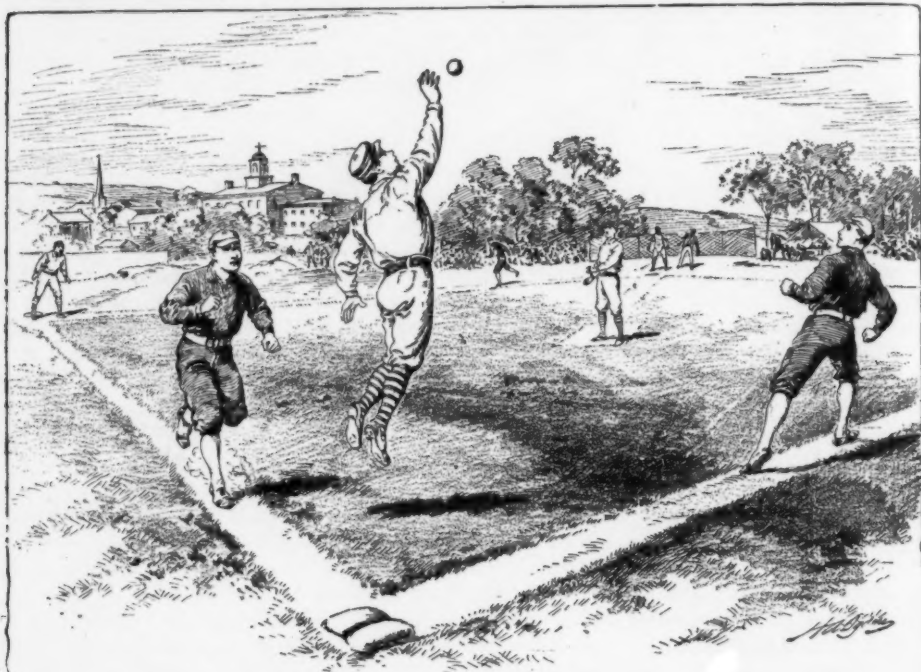
At stealing bases they were most expert thieves. Let one of them but reach first base on a hit or an error, and second was easy prey for him. The modern catapult that officiated in the "box" for the seniors, and the catcher of the same nine, knew this thoroughly, and many were the schemes concocted to catch a runner. But generally, on the first ball pitched he was off for second, and in nine cases out of ten gained it by a desperate slide, while the verdict "Safe!" from the umpire, and a storm of cheers from the crowd, gladdened his heart as he dusted

his padded trousers, and smiled kindly on the discomfited second-base man.

Shortly before three o'clock, the seniors reached the ground, looking handsome and strong in their blue uniforms; and their blue-ribboned friends greeted them warmly and cast pitying glances on the juniors in their gray suits with lavender trimmings. For ten minutes the

its normal state, and I played as coolly as if this were the first, instead of the last, of the championship series.

Our catcher was not at his best that day, and three or four bases had been stolen with impunity. All of his throws to me had been a little slow or a trifle wild, and although I had not let a ball pass me, I had not, as yet, put a



"I LEAPED WITH HAND OUTSTRETCHED HIGH IN THE AIR, AND AS THE SWIFT-LINER FLEW OVER MY HEAD, MY FINGERS CLUTCHED AND HELD THE BALL."

seniors practiced, and then Captain "Scoop" and the catcher of the senior nine "tossed up," and the juniors were sent to the bat, having lost the first point in the day's proceedings.

The game progressed rapidly, with few errors, few runs, and many close decisions, none of which, however, were disputed. The umpire was the left-fielder of a noted college nine and he excited the awe and admiration of every boy on the field. I was playing second-base on the juniors' nine, and if at the beginning of the game my heart was in my mouth, who can blame me? But as the game went on that important feature of my organization had resumed

man out at second base; a couple of flies, half-a-dozen "assists" to first, and one to home, constituted my fielding, up to that time.

At the bat I had been more fortunate, having made two well-timed "singles" that helped wonderfully, and in our half of the ninth inning I had driven the ball for three bases, sending it over the left-fielder's head, bringing in two runs, and perching on third with ease. These two runs tied the score.

A moment or two later a desperate dash for home resulted in a momentary fumble by the catcher in his excitement. I slid. "Safe!" cried the umpire; and we were one ahead. The next man went out and we took the field amid

an excitement unparalleled in the history of base-ball at Ridge's.

The strain was too much for our pitcher. The first senior to the bat made first-base on a "scorching" grounder past third; a moment later he was forced to take second by a base on balls. It was too bad! With the most daring runner of the senior nine on first, and their heaviest hitter at the bat, our chances seemed small and the outlook was gloomy.

"Watch for home, boys!" cried Captain Jack, and we played close. I got inside the base-line, some distance from second, while Jack watched the runner.

A ball or two had been pitched, when crack! went the heavy bat against the ball, as the batter swung it with all his might, and, almost without knowing it, I leaped with hand outstretched high in the air, and as the swift-

liner flew over my head, my fingers clutched and held the ball. The man on first, thinking the hit safe, had taken a long lead and was near second when I caught the ball, while the man on second, with equal confidence, had started in a very leisurely way for third. I touched the one nearest as he passed me and with the same impulse darted to second. The senior had turned, but it was too late; I reached the bag, and "Out!" "Out!!" "Out!!!" came in such quick succession from the umpire that the second and third word sounded like quick echoes. The side was out; the game was won!

I have played many games of base-ball since, but never again have I felt the glow of exultation and pride I experienced when the umpire took my hand and said:

"My boy, that was the neatest play I ever saw on a ball-field!"

BAT, BALL AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.

FIFTH PAPER:

BATTING AND BASE-RUNNING.

THE importance of a strong out-field can hardly be over-estimated. Nine out of every ten close games are won by the ability of the out-fielders to cover ground. When a grounder is batted to an in-fielder and he makes an error, it usually results that all runners who are on the bases advance each one base. But when there are men on first, second, and third, and a batsman drives a hard line hit which the right-fielder misjudges and allows to go over his head, it results in three runs, and is likely to decide the game. No amount of time and labor should be begrudged, therefore, in making these men strong and capable, for the outlay will be returned with interest in every close game the nine may play.

VOL. XVII.—116.

The out-fielders can be instructed generally as to the principles of their positions, but individual coaching is the only thing that will make them keep up to the mark. In the first place, all fielders are likely to fall into the habit of starting slowly, not moving until they see where the ball is coming, or they may become careless in their way of handling the ball. For this reason each man should receive some systematic coaching every day.

The left-fielder should work in harmony with the shortstop in the matter of taking the short flies. These two players should arrange beforehand which shall take the ball, although the fielder should take it if possible. There are two reasons for this: First, because the fielder is sure to be facing the diamond, while the shortstop may be running with the ball, and hence turned away from the in-field. Second,

because the fielder should, from continual practice, be better able to handle quickly and return speedily ordinary flies.

The throwing of a left-fielder, beyond the ordinary return of the ball to the pitcher by way of shortstop or second base, is usually to third or home. He is seldom required to throw to first; as, in case of a fly to left when a runner is on first, there is usually ample time for this runner to return to his base, after the fly is caught, before the ball could reach that base. His throwing practice should therefore be directed toward third and home—principally to the latter. He should keep the ball down, sending it in as nearly as possible on a line and just a little to the third-base side of home. This last requirement, while it may seem to be asking too much of the fielder, is a vital one. If the ball come at all on the other side of the plate, there is little chance of its catching the runner, and for this reason the fielder should be persistently trained to throw a trifle to the catcher's left. He must be continually cautioned not to make a high throw; but if he cannot put the ball directly into the catcher's hands on the fly, he must at least send it so that it reaches the catcher on the *first* bound. It is remarkable how little the progress of a low-thrown ball is delayed by its once touching the ground; and it is also noticeable how convenient it is for a catcher to handle a ball taken on the bound in putting it on a runner. When a left-handed man is at the bat, unless he have some well-known peculiarity of batting into left field, the left-fielder will do well to come in a little nearer.

The center-fielder occasionally has to be on the same terms with the second-base man, in regard to taking a fly, as those existing between the shortstop and the left-fielder; and about the same rules should govern the two players as those laid down for the shortstop and left-fielder. His throwing, also, should be directed to third and home, but he will have an occasional opportunity of fielding to first after a fly catch. In case he has to throw to first, the pitcher should back up the first-base man, remembering that there is no shortstop on that side of the field to perform this duty. The center-fielder should always back up second quite closely, when the catcher throws down to that base, in order to

prevent the runner from going on to third. All the fielders, after catching a fly, should exercise judgment about throwing home in order to cut off a runner, whenever there are other runners on the bases.

An excellent illustration of this feature of out-field play occurred during a match between the Yale nine and the Brooklyns, in a game played in the city of Brooklyn. It was the ninth inning, and the Yale nine were one run ahead. The Brooklyns were at the bat, with one man out, a man on second, and a man on third. The batsman knocked a fly to left. The ball was falling near the left-fielder. The man on third, knowing that if he made his run it would tie the score, stood on third ready to try for the plate whether the ball was dropped or caught. The man on second, feeling that his run would be needed to win, was naturally anxious to lead well off toward short, so that if the ball were dropped he could surely get in. He counted, of course, upon the fielder's attempting, if he caught the ball, to intercept the man who was running from third. The play happened exactly as this latter runner expected. The Yale left-fielder caught the ball and drove it home; but the runner beat it in, and the man on second had time to touch his base after the catch, and still reach third. This tied the score, and Brooklyn eventually won. Had the left-fielder recognized his opportunity, he might easily have saved the game by fielding to second instead of home. The man starting from second would then have been the third man out; and he would have been put out while the runner from third was still several feet from the home-plate, so that no run would have been scored.

The right-fielder has, in addition to his throw to the plate, a throw to first. This latter is worth practicing faithfully, as, if successful, it cuts off what would otherwise be a safe hit. The selection, however, of a man for this position on the strength of his throwing alone, and his ability to execute that one play, cannot be too strongly condemned. A man to perform it successfully should run up to meet the ball, and, after catching it, should throw it without appreciably slackening speed.

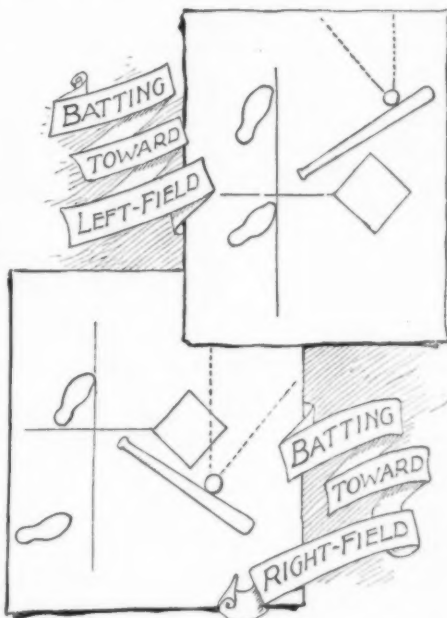
I have seen the professional player Kelly make this play as it should be made. It was in

a game between the New Yorks and Chicagos, when he was a member of the latter nine. He had been catching, but having hurt a finger slightly, was replaced by Flint, and went out into right field. There were two men out and a man on third when one of the New Yorks sent a sharp hit past Anson on first base. The ball was whizzing along at a sharp pace; and Kelly, with his hair flying, came running in on it as if he were running for the plate. A scoop of his hands and a sharp drive of his arm, and the ball shot into Anson's hands a fraction of a second ahead of the runner, and the side was out.

BATTING.

In turning to the other, the aggressive side of the game, the batting, one finds even a greater necessity for education and experience than in the fielding. The majority of boys and men become fairly proficient in fielding long before they have acquired the ability to judge and to bat hard pitching. Occasionally a man will be found who, having a naturally good eye, will manage to use the bat fairly well as soon as he takes it up; but usually even such a man is entirely at the mercy of a skilled pitcher, and it is quite unusual to find among boys who have played for years more than a few good hitters. If, then, a boy will pay attention to the principles and try his best, he will with practice make himself more valuable to a nine than any of his comrades; for batting is more than half the game, although many amateur captains are led by the remarkably clever fielding of some players to forget this fact when making up their nines. A true eye, ability to concentrate the muscular force instantly, and plenty of courage, are the requisites for a good hitter. The batsman must endeavor to swing the bat as nearly on a line as possible, and must not "chop" at the ball. This proper swing he can readily acquire in his indoor practice. He should assume an easy position, slightly facing the pitcher, most of his weight resting upon the foot nearest the catcher. Just as the ball is delivered he should advance the foot nearest the pitcher and if the ball prove a good one, swing the weight of his body into the stroke as he meets the ball with his bat.

He should not strike with all his might and main, as if he were intending to make nothing except a home-run, for these violent batsmen are not usually successful hitters. It does not require the greatest expenditure of muscular force to make a long hit, but the proper meeting of the ball and the putting the weight of the shoulders into the stroke. The bat should be firmly grasped and the arms well straightened and free from the sides when the ball is



hit. The weight of the body is to be coming forward, and the trunk should be slightly turning upon the hips. Early in the season it is best to strive to meet the ball squarely, rather than to hit out hard, for this method improves the eye and judgment far more rapidly than indiscriminate hard hitting. After a good eye has been acquired, the batsman may throw more force into his batting with a certainty of meeting the ball fairly. "Sacrifice" hitting and "placing" the ball are usually mere matters of luck to the average amateur; but a little attention to the principles of batting will enable any batsman to acquire some measure of control over the direction of his hitting. A dia-

gram will illustrate the principles quite clearly. If the ball be met in front of the base, and the forward foot be drawn away slightly, the tendency of the ball will be to go on the same side of the diamond as that upon which the batsman stands; while if the ball be met behind the base, and the forward foot placed a little nearer the base, the tendency of the ball will be to go toward the opposite side.

The ordinary batsman will do well not to

hits," or to a lucky combination of hits and errors, but it is usually accompanied by good base-running. Whenever a close game is played, superiority in base-running is usually enough to determine the winner. The necessity of quick starting has already been dwelt upon, and is the underlying principle of success. Good judgment comes next; for when a man is on a base and the ball is batted, he may take chances up to what appears to be the very limit of reckless-

ness, and yet seldom make the mistake of being put out. He does this through reliance upon his knowledge of what his opponents can and will do at each moment.

A few instances will illustrate this. A runner is on first base, and the batsman drives a grounder between first and second. The average amateur will run to second, and turn to see whether the right-fielder has the ball; and if the fielder has stopped the ball the runner will not go further. If, however, the runner has thoroughly thought out this particular combination, he will be ready to take a more daring view of the play, and, instead of stopping at second, he will



BASE-RUNNER KEEPING ON TO THIRD.

sacrifice his hitting to any false idea of placing *all* his hits; for he should consider that when there are no men on bases, unless he be a thoroughly experienced batsman, he will do best to assume his most natural position, and not be over-particular as to the exact point toward which the ball goes. If a nine will but keep the ball going by sharp hits, their opponents will be obliged to "play ball" to prevent scoring; and that thought should be continually in the mind of the batsman.

Base-running is hardly less important than batting; for by it the batting is made to yield what really count—namely, runs. Any one who follows the scores closely, sees many cases where a nine make fewer base-hits and more errors than their opponents, and yet win the game. This may be due to "bunching the

go straight on for third. This is not nearly so reckless as it appears, provided the runner be fast, and also provided that he has made up his mind at the start exactly what he will do. It is not an easy throw from right field to third, and the right-fielder, if he be playing at all close in, is very likely to be thinking of throwing the runner out at first; and he will therefore lose track entirely of the other runner. Another excellent feature of the attempt is, that if the right-fielder make a wild throw, as he often does in his surprise, there is a strong probability of the runner's going on to the home-plate. Thus, what was only an opportunity to take second may be quite easily turned into a run. The majority of amateurs are thoroughly familiar with the advisability of coming home from second on a base-hit, but

when the hit is made very few of them are really in the best position to take advantage of it. The runner should not try to take too great a lead before the pitcher lets the ball go, but should move well up as the ball is delivered, so that if the hit be made he may have a flying start. He should not be just in the base-line, but back of it slightly, so that he may not have quite so sharp a turn to make in going by third. There are, of course, innumerable combinations that may arise, any one of which lends some new element for the consideration of the baserunner, but there are a few facts which are worth remembering. One of these is, that a fielder who has made an error by dropping or fumbling a ball is very prone to make another error in his throw if the baserunner take a daring chance. Yet another point is, never to assist a fielder by letting him touch the runner with the ball when the fielder is seeking to make a double-play. This is most likely to happen when a man is on first and another on second, and the ball is batted between third and short, but so that either of those fielders stops it. A third point for the consideration of the runner is, always to force the fielders to throw the ball when it can be done without sacrifice on his part. This can be accomplished frequently, and it always affords an opportunity for an error. The same rule applies to tempting a pitcher to throw to bases. To lead him to throw frequently will probably make his pitching irregular, and this favors the batsman and troubles the catcher.

One of the most delicate points of base-running is taking advantage of fly catches. Naturally, every one is thoroughly familiar with the act of running home from third on a long fly caught by an out-fielder, for this is the simplest case, but the taking a base on a fly catch when the apparent odds are not so strongly on the side of the runner requires good judgment and a cool head. For instance, there is a runner on second and a high foul fly is batted over first base almost into the crowd of spectators. The first-base man is running for the ball and away from the plate

so that his back is turned toward third. The clever runner on second stands with his toe just touching the bag, and the instant the first-base man catches the ball he is away like a shot for third. The first-base man, whose mind has been thoroughly occupied in catching the ball and not falling in the crowd, is startled by the cry "Look out for third!" and he turns hastily and throws, but the distance is a long one, his position poor for throwing, and the runner's lead enables him to make the base before the ball reaches the third-base man.

There are many emergencies in base-running which call for attempts when desperate chances must be taken. But every runner should always have the possibilities of the situation in his mind at all times; then if it seem wise at the critical moment to take the chance, he will be prepared to make the most of it.



SHUTTING OFF A RUNNER AT THE HOME-PLATE.

To sum up, the duty of the player, as soon as he becomes a base-runner, is to be one bundle of activity, actuated by the keenest desire to take advantage of any misjudgment or weakness of his adversaries.

THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

FIFTH PAPER.

The Era of Strange Reptiles.

THERE was once a time, in the history of this earth, when the frogs were as large as oxen, when lizards were larger than elephants, when sea-monsters swam through the ocean with necks as long as the longest snake you ever saw, and when there were dragons that could take flying leaps by the aid of wings twenty-seven feet across.

These sound like tales from a wonder-book; yet they are absolutely true. The world was then the haunt of enormous sea-monsters and huge creeping animals. We cannot be sure that our dragon sent forth fire from its nostrils, as did the one in the story of St. George and the Dragon, but Hugh Miller says he *did* emit smoke. The frog-like animal, of which I spoke first, had a head three or four feet long and teeth three inches long. Although it was as large as an ox, it had all the characteristics of a frog. Its feet were peculiar, and left impressions in the sand very much like those which might be made by human hands of colossal size.

Possessing a frog-like nature, the creature would instinctively haunt spots where it could find moisture and water. The inference is that the places where these footprints are found were once lakes, whose waters, evaporating under the heat of the sun, left beds of mud over which these gigantic fellows jumped or walked, leaving their footprints. The sun baked the mud, and the footprints hardened before the water again flooded the lake. In the Connecticut Valley these fossil footprints are very plentiful. Some are those of reptiles, and others are those of animals that were partly bird and partly reptile. A great many geologists think the latter were wholly birds; but this question is by no means decided.

Impressions of raindrops also have been found,

so perfect that they show the very way the wind was blowing when they fell.

There has been preserved one great slab of stone upon which is the track of an animal whose foot was twenty inches long and twenty-one inches wide. Another creature—a bird, perhaps,—made footprints twenty inches long, and the distance between them shows that it had a stride of six feet.

These great birds—if they were birds—are supposed to have frequented the shores, in search of fishes, and were, therefore, like wading-birds, but gigantic in size.

An extraordinary creature of this time was the "fish-lizard." It had a head like a lizard, jaws and teeth like a crocodile, the backbone of a fish, the paddles of a whale, and the trunk and tail of a quadruped. The first skeleton of this animal was discovered in England by a country girl. She used to make her living by selling fossils, which were very abundant in her native place. One day she discovered some bones projecting from a cliff. Clearing away the rubbish, she found that they belonged to the skeleton of an animal embedded in the rock. She hired some workmen to dig out the entire rock, and the monster proved to be thirty feet long. What a sensation it created! That region, Lyme Regis, was found to be a veritable graveyard of these wonderful animals. The jaws of some of them were eight feet long and contained one hundred and sixty teeth. Whenever a tooth was lost in a conflict, a duplicate tooth in the jaw was ready to take its place. Their eyes were larger than a man's head, and possessed of very powerful and far-seeing vision, so that no matter how dark the sea nor how far distant its prey, there could be no escaping those eyes! Its stomach was like a great pouch, and it swallowed its food without chewing. It was so greedy a monster that it ate even smaller animals of its own kind!

Nobody can say for certain whether its skin was covered with scales or not. Still, as no remains of scales have been found, it was probably soft and smooth. It had to come up to the surface to breathe, like a whale, and perhaps it had "blowers" to blow out water. What a commotion it must have made!

Another animal of this family had the head of a serpent upon the neck of a gigantic swan. It was fitted for quicker motion than the fish-lizard. It probably swam on the surface like a swan, and thrust its long neck down in search of prey.

The most wonderful of all, however, was the "dragon," of which I told you. It is called by a hard Greek name which we will translate into "wing-finger." There were two points in which it resembled a bat: its eyes were so formed that it could see in the dark; and it had enormous wings joined to its claws like those of a bat. It was probably a water animal, whose wings were used to take flying leaps through the air, as the flying-fish does, but probably it could remain longer on the wing.

To add to the number of these monsters which swept through the deep, there was a lizard who could live only on the bottom of the sea.

The woods and plains swarmed with enormous creeping reptiles now called by a name signifying "terrible-lizards," armored in massive scales, which in some species stood upright on their backs. They were taller than the tallest elephant, and much longer and clumsier.

Insects had begun to be numerous, especially the beautiful dragon-flies, which perhaps were often caught and eaten by the terrible flying dragons. There were also ants, crickets, grasshoppers, beetles, two-winged flies, and land and water bugs. A few fragments of butterflies' wings have been found, showing that there were some flowers.

The banks of the rivers and lakes were crowded with crocodiles and tortoises, "and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." A shelled animal known as the "ammonite" flourished during this age, and died out at its close. Its shell was curved like a ram's horn,—very tightly in those living at the beginning of the age. It was exquisitely carved and furnished with arched chambers inside. Through all these chambers

ran a tube, which the animal could fill with water or empty, at its pleasure, so as to sink to the bottom or rise to the surface. Later their shells were more loosely rolled into shapes of exceeding beauty. Some curved like a shepherd's crook, and others looked as if they had been curled tightly and the middle point pulled up, so as to form a turret. Every tiny speck of these was delicately carved.

There was another shelled animal of this age, of whose skeleton only one bone has come down to us. It is like a cylinder in shape and very slender. When they were first found, people did not know what they were, and so they called them "thunder stones" and "lady's-fingers." In place of floating on top of the sea, like the ammonites, these probably swam near the bottom. They look something like the "sinkers" boys put on fish-lines.

The first animal of the family to which man belongs, the mammals, began life during this period. It was a peculiar kind of mammal, of which we have few representatives at the present day. It carried its young in a pouch, as do the opossum and the kangaroo. It was not until the next age, however, that the mammals made their appearance in great numbers.

Red sandstone was again very abundant; and the age is often called the "New Red Sandstone Period." In some places this stone is mottled. The beautiful cathedrals on the Rhine, particularly Strasburg and Freiburg, are made of this mottled red sandstone.

This was a great chalk-making age. The Dover Cliffs, on the southeastern shore of England, are composed entirely of chalk made at this time. They give England a white look when seen from France; and it was formerly called "Albion," some think from the Latin word "albus," meaning "white." Chalk is made from the bodies of very tiny animals, visible only under a powerful microscope. We are told that when we draw a line on the blackboard, we deposit there thousands of the shells of these little creatures.

The forests were thickly filled with pines and cypresses. Some trees with fluted and beautifully carved trunks yet adorned the scene, and the magnificent tree-ferns still waved their plummy fronds in the balmy air. A few blades of grass

peeped up here and there, making ready for the green meadows to come by and by. Palms and lilies appeared, the swamps were covered with reedy plants, and the wide plains were thick with underbrush. The sun shone with a warm light on the red sea-sands, for the air had in great measure lost its impurities and mists, or there would have been no air-breathing animals. And the animals! The monstrous creatures were everywhere.

The surging interior was still uneasy. Once in a while it would force itself out on the surface. Toward the close of the age, convulsions took place which made great changes. No longer was it a world of wide, flat plains and shallow marshes. Mountains were thrown up and rivers began to flow. In the confusion so many plants and animals were killed, that some geologists think that the next age began with an entirely new creation of animate life.

The Elf and the Bumble Bee.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.



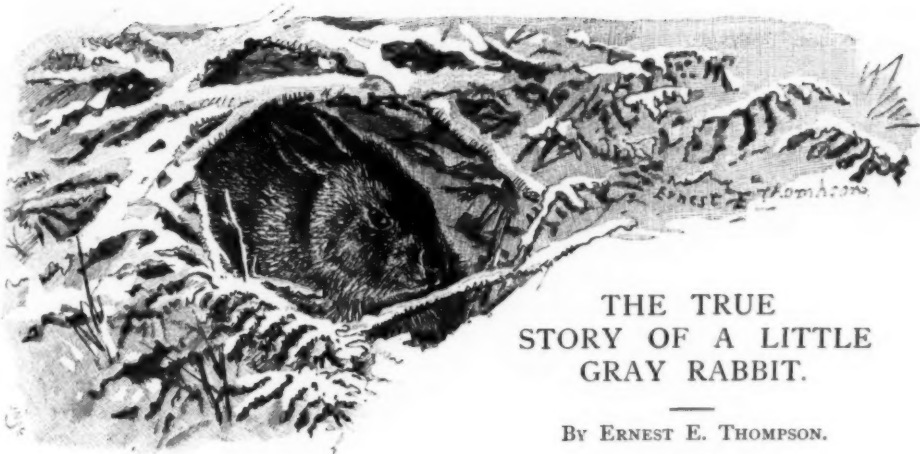
"Oh, Bumble Bee!
Bumble Bee!
Don't fly so near!
Or you will tumble me
Over, I fear!"



"Oh, funny elf!
Funny elf!
Don't be alarmed!
I'm looking for honey, elf.
You sha'n't be harmed."



"Then tarry,
Oh, tarry, Bee!
Fill up your sack;
And carry, oh, carry
me
Home on your
back!"



THE TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE GRAY RABBIT.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

ALL day long the snow came tumbling down on the trees and evergreen bushes of the woods wherein the little gray rabbit had his home, or, rather, his homes; for, in various parts of the woods he had beds under brush piles, and in more than one upturned root he had also a deep hole in which he could take refuge if ever the fox, his old-time foe, should press him too hard. It was the first snow of the season, and Bunny did not like it at all; for he had not a white coat and thick furry boots for winter like his cousin the white hare, but winter and summer was compelled to go in the same clothing. He did not usually move about much in daylight, for too many of his enemies were then abroad; besides, the glare of the sun hurt his eyes. Now, with the additional reason of the ground being covered with snow, he did not move an inch from his bed all day. But at evening the snowfall ceased. The little gray rabbit was beginning to feel very hungry; so, bracing up his courage, much as a boy does when going into a cold bath, he jumped out of his bed under the brush pile and into the snow. Hop-hop-hoppety-hop he went, making his way through the familiar though now strange-looking thickets toward his regular feeding-grounds. It was not so very easy, however, to find his favorite herbs; for six inches of snow lay on everything, and he had to go from place to place, picking a few blades wherever he could find them sticking through the snow.

When, after an hour or more, the moon arose and everything was lighted up nearly as in daytime, Bunny was still running about nibbling the grass and plant stems. Presently he heard the "hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo" of the horned owl, and knowing that it was dangerous to run about much when the owl was near, he hopped quietly away toward his brush pile. Then, shortly afterward, he heard a noise which made him stop and sit up with his broad ears erect to make out the nature of the sound. Tramp, tramp, tramp; trot, trot, trot; snap; grind, grind, grind, went the sounds, not more than fifty yards behind him; but still Bunny listened, for he knew it was no owl but must be some large animal. What had he to fear from anything on four legs? Still nearer came the tramping, and still Bunny waited, when all at once a rolling bass "oooo-ooo-ow" re-echoed through the woods, and in an instant Bunny saw the form of a hound rush by, bounding over the snow on his track.

At so short a distance on the snow, in the clear moonlight, a hound can easily see a rabbit; and when he does so he puts forth every effort to increase his speed, while his baying becomes deafening and almost continuous, and is calculated to terrify even an experienced old rabbit; and so it was now. Our little friend did not usually fear the hounds very much, since he had often been chased by them, and had had little difficulty in eluding them by several tricks which he learned when quite young. Indeed, he had

on several occasions actually played with the dogs, leading and misleading them to his great amusement, and finally throwing them off altogether without having to make use of his last resource: running into one of his burrows. But the present pursuit was so sudden, and the rabbit was so taken by surprise, that he completely lost his presence of mind, and set off at once at the top of his speed, straight for his nearest burrow, with the hound close behind him.

In a few seconds he was snugly ensconced in the furthest corner, while the hound was at the entrance, keeping up a continuous and deafening baying.

Several minutes more the dog bayed and scratched at the hole; then down the winding burrow there came a new sound, the voice of a man, and Bunny heard the dog called off. For a few moments there was silence. Then came a faint pattering of little feet, and then—oh, horrors!—trampling about in the hole and ever coming nearer, Bunny made out in the dim light the form of a new and dreadful enemy—a ferret. The hunter had carried one in a bag in case his prey should take to a hole. Now this little creature was doing its part. Sniff, sniff, went the snake-like little fury; nearer and nearer he came, till Bunny could see the faint green glitter of his wicked eyes. Then, suddenly, the ferret discovered the crouching and terrified rabbit and made a spring to seize him; but Bunny gave a great bound past him and rushed toward the entrance of the hole, determined to face anything rather than fall into the power of his merciless little foe. There was silence at the entrance of the burrow, but it was a treacherous silence, for the moment the rabbit reached the opening, he was seized by the hunter, and in an instant he was transferred, unhurt, to a stout bag. Then for a time he heard nothing but the tramping his captor made in going through the woods.

A few hours later, the hunter brought the rabbit alive to me, the writer of this story, and proposed that we should let it go and shoot it as it ran. But I would not hear of this, though I agreed to let two little puppy hounds chase the rabbit after I had sketched it.

Accordingly I made my drawing, and then went out to an open field with the young dogs.

On being put down, poor Bunny at first seemed dazed; but the sight of the dogs aroused him, and away he went with the puppies running merrily after him. The rabbit was by far the swiftest, and the little dogs were left behind, though they continued to follow until at last Bunny slipped through a high fence. Then the dogs gave up the chase. And now the hunter with me, seeing that the rabbit was making his escape, gave a loud whistle. In a few minutes his old hound came running up. At once this dog took up the track of the rabbit, baying loudly, and again Bunny was running free through the woods with a hound in full cry behind him; but remembering how, on the evening before, he had been caught, and had almost lost his life through giving way to terror, he now set out with a stouter heart, determined to keep above ground till the last, and never, if possible, again run the risk of meeting the ferret, his most detested enemy. And how he ran!

I could not follow, for night came on, and still I heard the baying of the hound as he circled about in the distant woods; but after two or three hours the hound came back looking so dejected that I knew the rabbit had outwitted him.

Early next morning, therefore, I went to the woods that I might learn from the tracks in the snow how the dog had been baffled. The whole history of the chase was clearly to be read in the

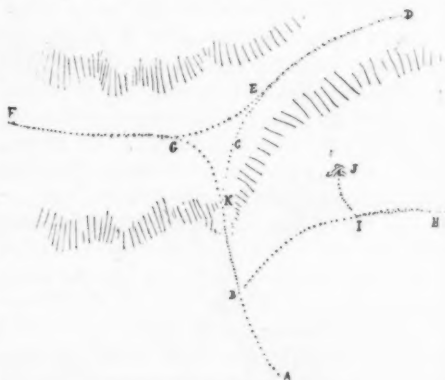
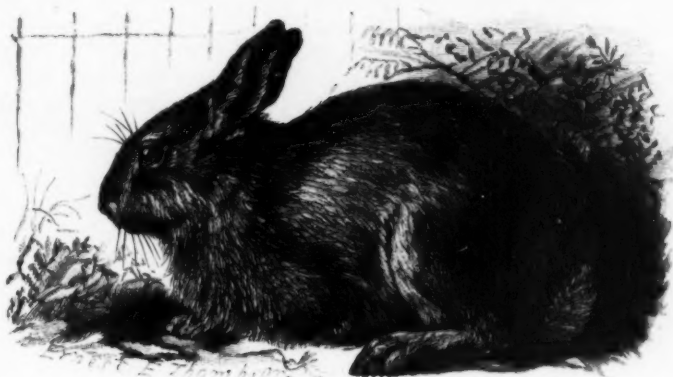


DIAGRAM OF THE RABBIT'S COURSE.

snow; and by following the diagram the reader will at once see the clever trick played by the rabbit. First, starting from A, he ran straight

toward B, K, C; then, hearing the hound, he ran up a low ravine toward D; then, turning back exactly on his track as far as E, he went on in the direction of F, where again he stopped and exactly retraced his steps to G; turning off he again ran on his old track from K to B, when he leaped to one side and ran straight toward H; here he again turned and ran back on his own track to I, where, again,

he leaped aside, and after running a few yards nestled under a brush pile, J, and slept comfortably until next morning. What wonder that such a puzzle of tracks set the old hound completely at fault, and what wonder that so cunning a rabbit should make good his escape and continue to live happily and safely in that same swamp, as to my knowledge he did for many a long month.



ANGEL AND IMP.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

ONE is a little angel,—
 An angel full of grace,—
 For he makes almost beautiful
 A homely, careworn face.
 The other is an imp perverse
 Who keeps an evil vow
 To make as ugly as he can
 The smoothest, whitest brow.

You know the angel and the imp,—
 You know them both so well,
 Their dictionary names it seems
 Superfluous to tell!
 And yet to make my riddle clear,
 I 'm forced to write them down:
 The angel is a smile, of course,
 The little imp, a frown!



A FAIR APPRAISAL.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

OH, I'm weary of the stupid things that lazy people say	No wizard worthy of the name would ride on any steed
Of the bothers and the hardships undergone on moving-day.	Less imposing than a dragon of the Japanese breed.
Why, they've nothing to consider but their fur- niture and things,	And though giants lug your china at the very lowest rates,
Which are wrap-able in paper and are tie-able in strings.	They care not for such trifles as a dozen cups or plates.
But we wizards and enchanters have a lot that's hard to bear,	Then griffins always lag behind, the winged horses stray,
And when our landlords raise the rent we're really in despair.	And when reined in too sharply will try to throw a fay.
For the moving of magician's goods is not a theme for jokes;	While, if one meets a witches' train, there's sure to be a fuss,
It's a matter that perplexes us — the wisest of all folks.	For partisan retainers your merits will discuss. So if men reckon three removes as equal to a fire,
In the first place, to avoid the throngs who come to see the show	I claim that these magicians' moves should rank a trifle higher.
Seclusion is essential, so there's but one way to go.	
One's household must be convoyed through the damp, unwholesome clouds,	I've thought the matter over, and I find, for pure vexation,
And even then we're stared at by appreciative crowds.	That each magical removal is just twice a conflagration.

CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT Crofield, the morning mail brought a letter from Mary, telling of her election.

There was not so very much comment, but Mrs. Ogden cried a little, and said:

"I feel as if we were beginning to lose the children."

"I must go to work," said the tall blacksmith after a time; "but I don't feel like it. So Mary's to teach, is she? She seems very young. I wish I knew about Jack."

Meanwhile, poor Jack was half hopelessly inquiring, of man after man, whether or not another boy was wanted in his store. It was only one long, flat, monotony of "No, sir," and at last he once more turned his weary footsteps up-town, and hardly had he done so before he waked up a little and stood still, and looked around him.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "I never was here before. This must be Chatham Square and the Bowery. I've read about them in the guide-book. I can go home this way. It's not much like Broadway."

So he thought, as he went along. And it did not at all resemble Broadway. It seemed to swarm with people; they appeared to be attending to their own business, and they were all behaving very well, so far as Jack could see.

"Never saw such a jam," said Jack, as he pushed into a small throng on a street corner, trying to get through; but at the word "jam" something came down upon the top of his hat and forced it forward over his eyes.

Up went both of his hands, instinctively, and at that moment each arm was at once caught and held up for a second or two. It was all done in a flash. Jack knew that some boisterous fellow had jammed his hat over his eyes, and that others had hustled him a little; but he had not been hurt, and he did not feel like quar-

reling, just then. He pushed along through the throng, and was getting out to where the crowd was thinner, when he suddenly felt a chill and a weak feeling at his heart. He had thrust his hand into his pocket.

"My pocket-book!" he said, faintly. "It's gone! Where could I have lost it? I have n't taken it out anywhere. And there was more than three dollars in it I'd saved to pay for my room!"

He leaned heavily against a lamp-post for a moment, and all the bright ideas he had ever had about the city became very dim and far away. He put up one hand before his eyes, and at that moment his arm was firmly grasped.

"Here, boy! What's the matter?"

He looked up, and saw a blue uniform and a hand with a club in it, but he could not say a word in reply.

"You seem all right. Are you sick?"

"I've lost my pocket-book," said Jack. "Every cent I had except some change."

"That's bad," and the keen-eyed officer understood the matter at a glance, for he added:

"You were caught in a crowd, and had your pocket picked? I can't do anything for you, my boy. It's gone, and that's all there is of it. Never push into crowds if you've any money about you. You'd better go home now."

"Only sixty-five cents left," Jack said, as he walked away, "for this evening, and Saturday, and Sunday, and for all next week, till I get something to do and am paid for doing it!"

He had eaten ten cents' worth of bread and milk at noon; but he was a strong and healthy boy and he was again hungry. Counting his change made him hungrier, and he thought longingly of the brilliant supper-room at the Hotel Dantzie.

"That won't do," he thought. "I must keep away from Keifelheimer and his restaurant. There, now, that's something like."

It was a small stand, close by a dark-looking

cellar way. Half was covered with apples, candy, peanuts, bananas, oranges, and cocoanuts. The other half was a pay-counter, a newspaper stand, and an eating-house. Jack's interest centered on a basket, marked, "Ham Sanwiges Five Cents."

"I can afford a sandwich," he said, "and I've got to eat something!"

At the moment when he leaned over and picked up a sandwich, a small old woman, behind the counter, reached out a hand toward him; and another small old woman stretched her hand out to a boy who was testing the oranges; and a third small old woman sang out very shrilly:

"Here 's your sanwiges! Ham sanwiges! Only five cents! Benannies! Oranges! Sanwiges!"

Jack put five cents into the woman's hand, and he was surprised to find how much good bread and boiled ham he had bought.

"It's all the supper I'll have," he said, as he walked away. "I could eat a loaf of bread and a whole ham, it seems to me!"

All the way to the Hotel Dantzic he studied over the loss of his pocket-book.

"The policeman was right," he said to himself, at last. "I did n't know when they took it, but it must have been when my hat was jammed down."

When Jack met Mr. Keifelheimer in the hotel office, he asked him what he thought about it. An expression of strong indignation, if not of horror, crossed the face of the hotel proprietor.

"Dey get you pocket-book?" he exclaimed. "You vas rob choost de same vay I vas; but mine vas a votch und shain. It vas two year ago, und I nefer get him back. Your friend, Mr. Guilderaufenberg, he vas rob dot vay, vonce, but den he vas ashleep in a railway car und not know ven it vas done!"

Jack was glad of so much sympathy, but just then business called Mr. Keifelheimer away.

"I won't go upstairs," thought Jack. "I'll sit in the reading-room."

No letters were awaiting him, but there were plenty of newspapers, and nearly a score of men were reading or talking. Jack did not really care to read, nor to talk, nor even to listen; but two gentlemen near him were discussing a sub-

ject that reminded him of the farms around Crofield.

"Yes," he heard one of them say, "we must buy every potato we can secure. At the rate they're spoiling now, the price will be doubled before December."

"Curious, how little the market knows about it yet," said the other, and they continued discussing letters and reports about potatoes, from place after place, and State after State, and all the while Jack listened, glad to be reminded of Crofield.

"It was just so with our potatoes at home," he said to himself. "Some farmers did n't get back what they planted."

This talk helped him to forget his pocket-book for a while; then, after trying to read the newspapers, he went to bed.

A very tired boy can always sleep. Jack Ogden awoke, on Saturday morning, with a clear idea that sleep was all he had had for supper,—excepting one ham sandwich.

"It's not enough," he said, as he dressed himself. "I must make some money. Oh, my pocket-book! And I shall have to pay for my room, Monday."

He slipped out of the Hotel Dantzic very quietly, and he had a fine sunshiny walk of two and a half miles to the down-town restaurant where he ate his ten cents' worth of bread and milk.

"It's enough for a while," he said, "but it does n't last. If I was at home, now, I'd have more bread and another bowl of milk. I'll come here again, at noon, if I don't find a place somewhere."

Blue, blue, blue, was that Saturday for poor Jack Ogden! All the forenoon he stood up manfully to hear the "No, we don't want a boy," and he met that same answer, expressed in almost identical words, everywhere.

When he came out from his luncheon of bread and milk, he began to find that many places closed at twelve or one o'clock; that even more were to close at three, and that on Saturday all men were either tired and cross or in a hurry. Jack's courage failed him until he could hardly look a man in the face and ask him a question. One whole week had gone since Jack reached the city, and it seemed about a year. Here he

was, without any way for making money, and almost without a hope of finding anyway.

"I'll go to the hotel," he said, at about four o'clock. "I'll go up the Bowery way. It won't pay anybody to pick my pocket this time!"



"'I'VE LOST MY POCKET-BOOK,' SAID JACK, 'EVERY CENT I HAD EXCEPT SOME CHANGE.'" (SEE PAGE 957.)

He had a reason for going up the Bowery. It was no shorter than the other way. The real explanation was in his pocket.

"Forty cents left!" he said. "I'll eat one sandwich for supper, and I'll buy three more to eat in my room to-morrow."

He reached the stand kept by the three small old women, and found each in turn calling out, "Here you are! Sanwiges!—" and all the rest of their list of commodities.

"Four," said Jack. "Put up three of 'em in a paper, please. I'll eat one."

It was good. In fact, it was too good, and Jack wished it was ten times as large; but the last morsel of it vanished speedily and after looking with longing eyes at the others, he shut his teeth firmly.

"I won't eat another!" he said to himself. "I'll starve it out till Monday, anyway!"

It took all the courage Jack had to carry those three sandwiches to the Hotel Dantzic and to put them away, untouched, in his traveling-bag. After a while, he went down to the reading-room and read; but he went to bed thinking of the excellent meals he had eaten at the Albany hotel on his way to New York.

Mary Ogden's second Sunday in Mertonville was a peculiar trial to her, for several young ladies who expected to be in the Academy next term, came and added themselves to that remarkable Sunday-school class. So did some friends of the younger Academy girls; and the class had to be divided, to the disappointment of those excluded.

"Mary Ogden did n't need to improve," said Elder Holloway to the Superintendent, "but she is doing better than ever!"

How Jack did long to see Mary, or some of the family in Crofield, and Crofield itself! As soon as he was dressed he opened the bag and took out one of his sandwiches and looked at it.

"Why, they're smaller than I thought they were!" he said ruefully; "but I can't expect

too much for five cents! I've just twenty cents left. That sandwich tastes good if it *is* small!"

So soon was it all gone that Jack found his breakfast very unsatisfactory.

"I don't feel like going to church," he said, "but I might as well. I can't sit cooped up here all day. I'll go into the first church I come to, as soon as it's time."

He did not care where he went when he left the hotel, and perhaps it did not really make much difference, considering how he felt; but he found a church and went in. A young man showed him to a seat under the gallery. Not until the minister in the pulpit came forward to give out a hymn, did Jack notice anything peculiar, but the first sonorous, rolling cadences of that hymn startled the boy from Crofield.



JACK DINES WITH MR. KEIFELHEIMER. (SEE PAGE 965.)

"Whew!" he said to himself. "It's Dutch, or something. I can't understand a word of it! I'll stay, though, now I'm here."

German hymns, and German prayers, and a tolerably long sermon in German, left Jack Ogden free to think of all sorts of things, and his spirits went down, down, down, as he recalled all the famines of which he had heard or read and all the delicacies invented to tempt the

appetite. He sat very still, however, until the last hymn was sung, and then he walked slowly back to the Hotel Dantzic.

"I don't care to see Mr. Keifelheimer," he thought. "He'll ask me to come in and eat a big Sunday dinner,—and to pay for it. I'll dodge him."

He watched at the front door of the hotel for fully three minutes, until he was sure that the hall was empty. Then he slipped into the reading-room and through that into the rear passageway leading to the elevator; but he did not feel safe until on his way to his room.

"One sandwich for dinner," he groaned, as he opened his bag. "I never knew what real hunger was till I came to the city! Maybe it won't last long, though. I'm not the first fellow who's had a hard time before he made a start."

Jack thought that both the bread and the ham were cut too thin, and that the sandwich did not last long enough.

"I'll keep my last twenty cents, though," thought Jack, and he tried to be satisfied.

Before that afternoon was over, the guide-book had been again read through, and a long home letter was written.

"I'll mail it," he said, "as soon as I get some money for stamps. I have n't said a word to them

about famine. It must be time to eat that third sandwich; and then I'll go out and take a walk."

The sandwich was somewhat dry, but every crumb of it seemed to be valuable. After eating it, Jack once more walked over and looked at the fine houses on Fifth Avenue; but now it seemed to the hungry lad an utter absurdity to think of ever owning one of them. He stared

and wondered and walked, however, and returned to the hotel tired out.

On Monday morning, the Ogden family were at breakfast, when a neat-looking farm-wagon stopped before the door. The driver sprang to the ground, carefully helped out a young woman, and then lifted down a trunk. Just as the trunk came down upon the ground there was a loud cry in the open doorway.

"Mother! Molly 's come home!" and out sprang little Bob.

"Mercy on us!" Mrs. Ogden exclaimed, and the whole family were on their feet.

Mary met her father as she was coming in. Then, picking up little Sally and kissing her, she said:

"There was a way for me to come over, this morning. I 've brought my books home, to study till term begins. Oh, mother, I 'm so glad to get back!"

The blacksmith went out to thank the farmer who had brought her; but the rest went into the house to get Mary some breakfast and to look at her and to hear her story.

Mrs. Ogden said several times:

"I do wish Jack was here, too!"

That very moment her son was leaving the Hotel Dantzic behind him, with two and a half miles to walk before getting his breakfast—a bowl of bread and milk.

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK OGDEN, that Monday morning, had an idea that New York was a very long city.

He had eaten nothing since Saturday noon, excepting the sandwiches, and he felt that he should not be good for much until after he had had breakfast. His mind was full of unpleasant memories of the stores and offices he had entered during his last week's hunt, and he did not relish renewing it.

"I must go ahead, though," he thought. "Something must be done, or I 'll starve."

Every moment Jack felt better, and he arose from the table a little more like himself.

"Ten cents left," he said, as he went out into the street. "That 'll buy me one more bowl of bread and milk. What shall I do then?"

VOL. XVII.—118.

It was a serious question, and demanded attention. It was still very early for the city, but stores were beginning to open, and groups of men were hurrying along the sidewalks on their way to business. Jack went on, thinking and thinking, and a fit of depression was upon him



"TEN CENTS LEFT," HE SAID, AS HE WENT OUT INTO THE STREET.

when he entered a street turning out from Broadway. He had not tried this street before. It was not wide, and it was beginning to look busy. At the end of two blocks, Jack uttered an exclamation:

"That 's queer!" he said. "They all sell coffee, tea, groceries, and that sort of thing. Big stores, too. I 'll try here."

His heart sank a little, as he paused in front of a very bustling establishment, bearing every appearance of prosperity. Some men were bringing out tea-chests and bags of coffee to pile around the doorway, as if to ask passers-by to walk in and buy some. The show-windows were already filled with samples of sugar, coffee, and a dozen other kinds of goods. Just beyond one window Jack could see the first of a row of three huge coffee-grinders painted red,

and back of the other window was more machinery.

"I'll go in, anyway," he said, setting his teeth. "Only ten cents left!"

That small coin, because it was all alone in his pocket, drove him into the door. Two-thirds down the broad store there stood a black-eyed, wiry, busy-looking man, giving various directions to the clerks and other men. Jack thought, "He's the 'boss.' He looks as if he'd say no, right away."

Although Jack's heart was beating fast, he walked boldly up to this man:

"Mister," he said, "do you want to hire another boy?"

"You are the hundred and eleventh boy who has asked that same question within a week. No," responded the black-eyed man, sharply but good-naturedly.

"Gifford," came at that moment from a very cheerful voice over Jack's left shoulder, "I've cleaned out that lot of potatoes. Sold two thousand barrels on my way down, at a dollar and a half a barrel."

Jack remembered that some uncommonly heavy footsteps had followed him when he came in, and found that he had to look upward to see the face of the speaker, who was unusually tall. The man leaned forward, too, so that Jack's face was almost under his.

Mr. Gifford's answer had disappointed Jack and irritated him.

"You did well!" said Mr. Gifford.

Before he had time to think Jack said:

"A dollar and a half? Well, if you knew anything about potatoes, you would n't have let them go for any dollar and a half a barrel!"

"What do you know about potatoes?" growled the tall man, leaning an inch lower and frowning at Jack's interruption.

"More than you or Mr. Gifford seem to," said Jack desperately. "The crop's going to be short. I know how it is up *our* way."

"Tell us what you know!" said the tall man, sharply; and Mr. Gifford drew nearer with an expression of keen interest upon his face.

"They're all poor," said Jack, and then he remembered and repeated, better than he could have done if he had made ready beforehand, all he had heard the two men say in the Hotel

Dantzic reading-room, and all he had heard in Crofield and Mertonville. He had heard the two men call each other by name, and he ended with:

"Did n't you sell your lot to Murphy & Scales? They're buying everywhere."

"That's just what I did," said the tall man. "I wish I had n't; I'll go right out and buy!" and away he went.

"Buy some on my account," said Mr. Gifford, as the other man left the store. "See here, my boy, I don't want to hire anybody. But you seem to know about potatoes. Probably you're just from a farm. What else do you know? What can you do?"

"A good many things," said Jack, and to his own astonishment he spoke out clearly and confidently.

"Oh, you can?" laughed Mr. Gifford. "Well, I don't need you, but I need an engineer. I wish you knew enough to run a small steam-engine."

"Why, I can run a steam-engine," said Jack, "That's nothing. May I see it?"

Mr. Gifford pointed at some machinery behind the counter, near where he stood, and at the apparatus in the show-window.

"It's a little one that runs the coffee-mills and the printing-press," he said. "You can't do anything with it until a machinist mends it—it's all out of order, I'm told."

"Perhaps I can," said Jack. "A boy who's learned the blacksmith's trade ought to be able to put it to rights."

Without another word, Jack went to work.

"Nothing wrong here, Mr. Gifford," he said in a minute. "Where are the screw-driver and the monkey-wrench, and an oil-can?"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Gifford, as he sent a man for the tools. "Do you think you can do it?"

Jack said nothing aloud, but he told himself:

"Why, it's a smaller size but like the one in the *Eagle* office. They get out of order easily, but then it's easy to regulate them."

"You *do* know something," said Mr. Gifford, laughing, a few minutes later, when Jack said to him:

"She'll do now."

"She won't do very well," added Mr. Gifford,

shaking his head. "That engine never was exactly the thing. It lacks power."

"It may be the pulley-belt 's too loose," said Jack, after studying the mechanism for a moment.

"I 'll send for a man to fix it, then."

"No, you need n't," said Jack. "I can tighten it so she 'll run all the machinery you have. May I have an awl?"

"Of course," said Mr. Gifford. "Put it to rights. There 's plenty of coffee waiting to be ground."

Jack went to work at the loose belt.

"He 's a bright fellow," said Mr. Gifford to his head-clerk. "If we wanted another boy — but we don't."

"Too many now," was the short, decisive reply.

It was not long before the machinery began to move.

"Good!" said Mr. Gifford. "I almost wish I had something more for you to do, but I really have n't. If you could run that good-for-nothing old printing-press —"

"Printing-press?" exclaimed Jack.

"Over in the other window," said Mr. Gifford. "We thought of printing all our own circulars, cards, and paper bags. But it 's a failure, unless we should hire a regular printer. We shall have to, I suppose. If you were a printer, now."

"I 've worked at the press," said Jack. "I 'm something of a printer. I 'm sure I can do that work. It 's like a press I used to run when I worked in that business."

Jack at once went to the show-window.

"An 'Alligator' press," he said, "like the one in the *Standard* office. It ought to be oiled, though. It needs adjusting, too. No wonder it would not work. I can make it go."

The business of the store was beginning. Steam was up in the engine, and the coffee-mills were grinding merrily. Mr. Gifford and all his clerks were busied with other matters, and Jack was left to tinker away at the Alligator press. "She 's ready to run. I 'll start her," he said at last.

He took an impression of the form of type that was in the press and read it.

"I see," he said. "They print that on their

paper bags for an advertisement. I 'll show it to Mr. Gifford. There are plenty of blank ones lying around here, all ready to print."

He walked up to the desk and handed in the proof, asking:

"Is that all right?"

"No," said Mr. Gifford. "We let our stock of bags run down because the name of the firm was changed. I want to add several things. I 'll send for somebody to have the proof corrections made."

"You need n't," said Jack. "Tell me what you want. Any boy who 's ever worked in a newspaper office can do a little thing like that."

"How do you come to know so much about machinery?" asked Mr. Gifford, trying not to laugh.

"Oh," said Jack, "I was brought up a blacksmith, but I 've worked at other trades, and it was easy enough to adjust those things."

"That 's what you 've been up to, is it?" said Mr. Gifford. "I saw you hammering and filing, and I wondered what you 'd accomplished. I want the new paper bags to be," — and he told Jack what changes were required, and added: "Then, of course, I shall need some circulars — three kinds — and some cards."

"That press will run over a thousand an hour when it 's geared right. You 'll see," said Jack, positively.

"Well, here 's a true Jack-at-all-trades!" exclaimed Mr. Gifford, opening his eyes. "I begin to wish we had a place for you!"

It was nearly noon before Jack had another sample of printing ready to show. There was a good supply of type, to be sure, but he was not much of a printer, and type-setting did not come easily to him. He worked almost desperately, however, and meanwhile his brains were as busy as the coffee-mills. He succeeded finally, and it was time, for a salesman was just reporting:

"Mr. Gifford, we 're out of paper bags."

"We must have some right away," said Mr. Gifford. "I wish that youngster really knew how to print them. He 's tinkering at it over there."

"Is that right?" asked Jack only a second later, holding out a printed bag.

"Why, yes, that 's the thing. Go ahead," said

the surprised coffee-dealer. "I thought you 'd failed this time."

"I 'll run off a lot," said Jack, "and then I 'll go out and get something to eat."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Gifford promptly. "No going out, during business hours, in *this* house. I 'll have a luncheon brought to you. I 'll try you to-day, anyhow."

Back went Jack without another word, but he thought silently, "That saves me ten cents."

The Alligator press was started, and Jack fed it with the blank paper bags the salesmen needed, and he began to feel happy. He was even happier when his luncheon was brought; for the firm of Gifford & Company saw that their employees fared well.

"I declare!" said Jack to himself, "it 's the first full meal I 've had since last week Wednesday! I was starved."

On went the press, and the young pressman sat doggedly at his task; but he was all the while watching things in the store and hearing whatever there was to hear.

"I know their prices pretty well," he thought. "Most of the things are marked—ever so much lower than Crofield prices, too."

He had piles of printed bags of different sizes ready for use, now lying around him.

"Time to get at some of those circulars," he was saying, as he arose from his seat at the press and stepped out behind the counter.

"Five pounds of coffee," said a lady, before the counter, in a tone of vexation. "I 've waited long enough. Mocha and Java, mixed."

"Thirty-five cents," said Jack.

"Quick, then," said she, and he darted away to fill her order.

"Three and a half pounds of powdered sugar," said another lady, as he passed her.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack.

"How much is this soap?" asked a stout old woman, and Jack remembered that price too.

He was not at all aware that anybody was watching him; but he was just telling another customer about tea and baking-soda when he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"See here," demanded Mr. Gifford, "what are you doing behind the counter?"

"I was afraid they 'd get tired of waiting and go somewhere else," said Jack. "I know

something about waiting on customers. Yes, ma'am, that 's a fine tea. Forty-eight cents. Half a pound? Yes, ma'am. In a jiffy, Mr. Gifford;—there are bags enough for to-day."

"I think you may stay," said the head of the house. "I did n't need another boy; but I begin to think I do need a blacksmith, a carpenter, a printer, and a good, sharp salesman." As he was turning away he added, "It 's surprising how quickly he has picked up our prices."

Jack's fingers were trembling nervously, but his face brightened as he did up that package.

Mr. Gifford waited while the Crofield boy answered yet another customer and sold some coffee, and told Jack to go right on.

"Come to the desk," he then said. "I don't even know your name. Come."

Very hot and yet a little shaky was Jack as he followed; but Mr. Gifford was not a verbose man.

"Mr. Jones," he said to the head clerk, "please take down his name;—what is it?"

"John Ogden, sir," and after other questions and answers, Mr. Gifford said:

"Find a cheaper boarding-place. You can get good board for five dollars a week. Your pay is only ten dollars a week to begin, and you must live on that. We 'll see that you earn it, too. You can begin printing circulars and cards."

Jack went, and Mr. Gifford added:

"Why, Mr. Jones, he 's saved sending for three different workmen since he came in. He 'll make a good salesman, too. He 's a boy—but he is n't only a boy. I 'll keep him."

Jack went to the press as if in a dream.

"A place!" he said to himself. "Well, yes. I 've got a place. Good wages, too; but I suppose they won't pay until Saturday night. How am I to keep going until then? I have to pay my bill at the Hotel Dantzic, too—now I 've begun on a new week. I 'll go without my supper, and buy a sandwich in the morning, and then—I 'll get along, somehow."

He worked all that afternoon with an uneasy feeling that he was being watched. The paper bags were finished, a fair supply of them; and then the type for the circular needed only a few changes, and he began on that. Each new job made him remember things he had learned in the *Standard* office, or had gathered from Mr.

Black, the wooden foreman of the *Eagle*. It was just as well, however, that things needed only fixing up and not setting anew, for that might have been a little beyond him. As it was, he overcame all difficulties, besides leaving the press three times to act as salesman.

Gifford & Co. kept open to accommodate customers who purchased goods on their way home; and it was after nearly all other business houses, excepting such as theirs, were closed, that the very tall man leaned in at the door and then came striding down the store to the desk.

"Gifford," he said, "that clerk of yours was right. There 's almost a panic in potatoes. I got five thousand barrels for you, and five thousand for myself, at a dollar and sixty, and the price just jumped. They will bring two dollars. If they do we 'll make two thousand apiece.

"I 'm glad you did so well," said Mr. Gifford dryly, "but don't say much to him about it. Let him alone —"

"Well, yes; — but I want to do something for him. Give him this ten-dollar bill from me."

"Very well," said Mr. Gifford; "you owe the profit to him. I 'll take care of my side of the matter. Ogden, come here a moment!"

Jack stopped the press and came to the desk. The money was handed to him.

"It 's just a bit of luck," said the tall man; "but your information was valuable to me."

"Thank you," said Jack, after he had in vain refused the money.

"You 've done enough," said Mr. Gifford; "this will do for your first day. Eight o'clock in the morning, remember. Good-night!"

"I 'm glad I belong here," Jack said to himself. "If I 'd had my pick of the city I would have chosen this very store. Ten dollars! I can pay Mr. Keifelheimer now, and I sha'n't have to starve to death!"

Jack felt so prosperous that he walked only to the nearest station of the elevated railway, and cheerfully paid five cents for a ride up-town.

When the Hotel Dantzic was reached, it seemed a much more cheerful and home-like building than it had appeared when he left it in the morning; and Jack had now no notion

of dodging Mr. Keifelheimer. There he stood on the doorstep, looking stern and dignified. He was almost too polite when Jack said:

"Good-evening, Mr. Keifelheimer."

"Goot-efening," he replied, with a bow. "I hope you gets along vell mit your beezness?"

"Pretty well," said Jack, cheerfully.

"Vere vas you seexed?" asked Mr. Keifelheimer, doubtfully.

Jack held out one of the business cards of Gifford & Company, and replied:

"That 's where I am. I guess I 'll pay for my room here till the end of this week, and then I 'll find a place further down town."

"I vas so sorry dey peek your pockit," said Mr. Keifelheimer, looking at the card. "Tell you vat, Mr. Ogden, you take supper mit me. It cost you not'ing. I haf to talk some mit you."

"All right," said Jack. "I 'll pay up at the desk, and then I 'll get ready for dinner."

When he came down Mr. Keifelheimer was waiting for him, very smiling, but not nearly so polite and dignified. Hardly were they seated at the supper-table before the proprietor coughed twice affectedly, and then remarked:

"You not leaf de Hotel Dantzic, Mr. Ogden. I use up pounds and boxes of tea und sugar und coffee, und all dose sometings dey sell at Gufford und Gompany's. You get me de best prices mit dem, und you safe me a great heap of money. I get schwindled, schwindled, all de times! You vas keep your room, und you pays for vat you eats. De room is a goot room, but it shall cost you not vun cent. So? If I find you safe me money, I go on mit you."

"I 'll do my best," said Jack. "Let me know what you 're paying now."

"Ve go all ofer de leest after ve eat something," said Mr. Keifelheimer. "Mr. Guilder-aufenberg say goot deal about you. So did de ladies. I vas sorry dot dey peek your pocket."

Probably he had now forgotten just what he had thought of saying to Jack in case the boy had not been able to pay for his room, and had been out of employment; but Jack was enjoying a fine illustration of that wise proverb which says: "Nothing succeeds like success."

(To be continued.)



A LITTLE CONTRABAND.

BY CHARLES MCILVAINE.

IN 1862, my company stacked their guns one bright May evening, unslung their knapsacks, unbuckled their cartridge-belts, donned their fatigue uniforms, and, with the method of well-trained soldiers, proceeded to erect a little village of tents beside a beautiful artificial lake made by capturing the tide at its flood, as it poured from the Edisto River up a narrow sluiceway into the extensive and beautiful grounds surrounding the Seabrook mansion. The mocking-birds were in full tune among the trees, and trolling their songs from the great magnolias. Lonely palms stood stark in the glare of sunset by the side of symmetrical live-oaks and cone-shaped pines resting like enormous hay-cocks on the rim of the horizon. The gables, towers, and chimneys of the mansion rose above the mat of trees and shadow, to catch the richness of sunset tints and reflect their fire from many a dazzling dormer. Barns, cotton houses, slave-quarters, together with the multitudinous out-buildings of a Southern plantation, stood on the river bank overlooking its wide waters.

Bird-song, the hum of busy men, the thud of blows driving tent-pins, the stamping of horses as they stood in the wagon-train, the sharp, incisive orders of subaltern officers, as men moved and tents rose at their commands, were the only sounds. War had rested its palsy hand on lovely Edisto, silencing the low of herds, the happy laugh of negroes, and the joy of yonder fair and stately mansion. Everything was deserted — fields, quarters, homestead.

Dashing out of the forest line and galloping across a vast plain, with cotton rows disturbing its level like ripples on a sea of sand, rode a glittering group of officers with a train of

mounted orderlies — Brigadier-General H. G. Wright and his staff. On they came, waving a passing salute to the officers of my detachment, and clattered up the broad shell-avenue to Seabrook house, there to establish brigade headquarters in its vacant halls.

The men of my company worked with a will at their canvas homes. Their hearts were light and proud that day — for had they not at grand review caught the general's eye, and by their step and keeping won his favor and the privilege of being his guard at his headquarters?

While watching the erection of my own tent, under the generous shade of a live-oak tree, I heard a shrill, childish yell, and then the shouts of the men. Turning, I saw a sight that was too much for the gravity of even a commanding officer. Down the street — newly walled off by the canvas houses — came a little ducky at lightning speed. His bare black legs shone like the spokes of a rapidly revolving carriage-wheel, as they spun over the ground; his head was thrown back; his eyes stuck out until the white rings around their pupils made each look like the bull's-eye of a target; his capacious mouth was open for vociferous yelling, and the fragmentary shirt he wore was extended as far behind him as its scanty material could reach. It did not take an observant eye to see that that jet-black youngster was likely to lose his color from fright. And no wonder; for behind him was a long-legged corporal holding a bayoneted musket within reaching distance of his flying calico.

The explanation of this strange chase was not at first evident. While Corporal Russel was the jolliest of fellows in camp, and always ready for trick or joke, there was now in his gait and face a savage determination to catch that ducky or run him beyond the department limits. As the youngster came closer the mystery was solved.

In one hand he held a chunk of bacon, and in the other a hardtack. The little rascal had been caught stealing from the corporal's haversack.

Well knowing that the corporal would not hurt him,—for he was kindness itself the whole length of his queer, gaunt form,—the comicality of the race struck me. Naturally taking part with the weaker, I joined in the shouting with, "Go it, Sambo! You are beating him! Hold on to the bacon!"

I think this last expression of encouragement decided the little fellow, for he gave one wild, supplicating look at me, changed his course suddenly, and circled to the protection of my legs. There he clung, in terrified entreaty, much to the detriment of my uniform from his handful of grease.

"Don' you let 'im kill-er me, mas'r! Don' you let 'im kill-er me! I did n't take 'em! I'll gib um back right away! I 's so hungry. Don' you let 'im kill-er me!"

The little fellow's cry, "I 's so hungry," touched me. I have been hungry myself, and experience makes us wonderfully charitable. While the breathless corporal halted, shouldered his musket, and stood at "attention" before me, the perfect picture of a soldier, I did what I could to console the waif through a long and tearful outburst, which finally came to an abrupt conclusion from his choking on a piece of cracker that he had tried to swallow between his sobs.

"He is hungry, Corporal—nearly starved. He must have been left behind when the people left here, and has had nothing to eat since."

In an instant Corporal Russel's face changed from embarrassment, at being so ludicrously caught, to anxious sympathy.

"Let me have him, Captain. He shall have all I've got."

A yell from the little fellow, and a renewed grasp of his greasy fingers, admonished me that, however willing the corporal might be to feed him, I was regarded by the stray as his defender and adopted protector. Nor would he take his baconed grasp from my trousers until I had promised him that the corporal should not have him.

From that moment he believed that I had

saved his life, and never afterward, on weary march, on dangerous picket, or in the heat of deadly fray, did he swerve from the fidelity born of his gratitude.

Soon the tents were pitched, the camp-fires were lighted, groups sat in their red glare, or lolled where the rippled lake put ruffles around the moon's reflected face (a silvery night-cap most becoming) until "taps" darkened the camp, and no sound but the bittern's cry and measured tread of sentinels disturbed the silence of the night. In a corner of my tent, well fed and sound asleep, lay little "Nigger June."

He had told me his name and his story in his own quaint way. When the Federal gunboats steamed up the Edisto River, the ignorant and terrified slaves fled to hiding-places in the swamp-forests or followed their masters from the island to the mainland; and June, whose whole family tree, so far as he knew, consisted of the one guardian he had ever had (his old "Aunt Peggy"), was, owing to the shortness of his legs and a chronic habit of going to sleep under all possible circumstances, left behind. Hunger was too much for his honesty; so, like a dog after a bone, he had sneaked into the camp and was spied by the keen-eyed corporal foraging on the provisions. He took to his new surroundings as naturally as if he had been born by a camp-fire and cradled in a drum. Like a cat left behind in a deserted home, he became a legacy to the new-comers, and he was petted and cared for accordingly.

To say anything without an enforcing emphasis, or to expect to be believed without reference to some authority of higher value than his own, was foreign to June's idea of impressive English. His lingo was that of the Carolina Sea Islands, but his laugh was cosmopolitan—there was no limit to its shades and changes. It embodied the diapason of jollity, was ready at the slightest provocation, and was as infectious as sneezes from snuff. His dancing incorporated every caper that ever was cut; his full, rich, contralto voice rang out the complete weird song-lore of his race. It was not long before he became known throughout the whole Tenth Army Corps. No picnic, coon-hunt, fishing-party, nor camp game in which the men indulged was complete without him.

He was in constant demand from all parts of the command because of the amusement he afforded, and in consequence was generally "lent out" to some one. Unlike other loans, he never failed to return. Diving for quarters in a tub of meal was his specialty. He could keep his "bullet" head under longer than any other ducky in the Department of the South,—never failing to capture the silver in his teeth and be up in time to have a laugh at his rooting, struggling competitors. Butting was a favorite pastime. With head down, shoulders up, prancing on one leg, he would issue challenge to man or boy to do battle with him, and he always scored a victory.

An immense negro, named Orchard, used to come daily into camp with a tub on his head containing shrimps, which found ready sale among the soldiers. June had repeatedly danced his war-dance around Orchard without obtaining even recognition as an enemy.

One day, after an unsuccessful challenge, he came to me disgusted and full of contempt. "See um dar, Cappin, see um, dat big niggah. Him too proud. Woffler him not butt me? Woffler him not go down on his knees an' butt me? 'Deed, I knock 'm shoo."

Being in full sympathy with my butting phenomenon, and having been his backer on many occasions, I said, "June, I will give you a quarter if you make Orchard drop that tub of shrimps."

After he had taken a roll, turned two or three somersaults, and done some dancing, to work his elation out properly, he replied:

"Mas'r, dat quartah's mine. Dat tub mighty high up. Long way up to dat tub, Mas'r Cappin. Orchard hab to git from un'er him." He dashed off in high glee, and was soon stalking beside the black shrimp merchant, with an empty cracker-box balanced on his head, imitating his big model in every action. I watched his manœuvres with keen enjoyment,—it was a contest between a pygmy and a giant. He soon attracted Orchard's attention, and the shrimp dealer came to a sudden and dignified halt.

"What you doin' dat fo', you grinnin' monkey? What you make mock ob me fo'?" asked Orchard, angrily.

"Put down you' tub, an' butt me den," was the little fellow's reply. "Ain't I ax you, ebery day, fo' to butt me? Put down you' tub."

Thus "daring" him, June laid his cracker-box upside down, a few feet in front of the irate Orchard, and backed off as if preparing for an acceptance of his challenge.

"Go 'way, chile. If I butt you, I kill you, shoo. What fo' I go buttin' sich a pickaninny like you, fo'?"

"Put down dat tub!" was all the answer he had from June, who was posturing like a goat full of fight.

"Go 'way, you sassy niggah! What fo' I put down de tub fo' de likes ob you?"

The halt and parley were what the little strategist was after. Quick as a flash he charged like a ram, leaped from the cracker-box, shot forward as from a catapult, and landed his head with the force of a solid shot fair on Orchard's waistband! If Orchard had been hinged in the middle he could not have doubled up more quickly. Down came the tub, the shrimps flew in all directions, and before the astonished giant comprehended what had happened, June was shrieking his delight and celebrating his victory behind a group of soldiers who were cheering his exploit.

The promised quarter was paid to June, and Orchard was compensated for his shrimps; but it was many a day before he forgave "dat grinnin', buttin', sassy brack monkey."

June was always the hero of his adventures, but he was not always heroic. A few days after his appearance in camp, he was despatched to fetch some water from a spring under the protecting shade of a leaning live-oak some distance away, across the plain of cotton rows. In order that he might not have to go soon again, he determined to carry "a lazy man's load." Therefore he put a mackerel-kit on his head, took a bucket in each hand, and away he went—a walking reservoir. Pretty soon he came bounding across the field, bouncing from the cotton-rows like a ricochet shot, yelling at the top of his voice, "De Debble, de Debble, de Debble!" As usual, when in trouble, he came straight to me. All he could gasp was:

"Oh, de Debble, de Debble, de Debble! Lawks-a-massy, Cappin, I see um de Debble!"

"Where?" I asked, as well as laughing would let me.

"In de watah. I stoop down to de watah ober yonder by de spring, an' jus' ez I gwine to scoop de watah in de bucket, dar wuz de Debble dar, lookin' right out de watah at me. Oh, I'm gwine to die! De Debble's gwine to catch me, sho. Don't let um catch me, Mas'r Cappin!" He was terribly frightened—trembling, and clinging to me piteously. He had certainly seen *something*.

"Don't be afraid, June," I said consolingly.

fo' to swaller me right down kerplump,—ain't I see um?"

Nothing would convince him that he had made a mistake,—and nothing ever did.

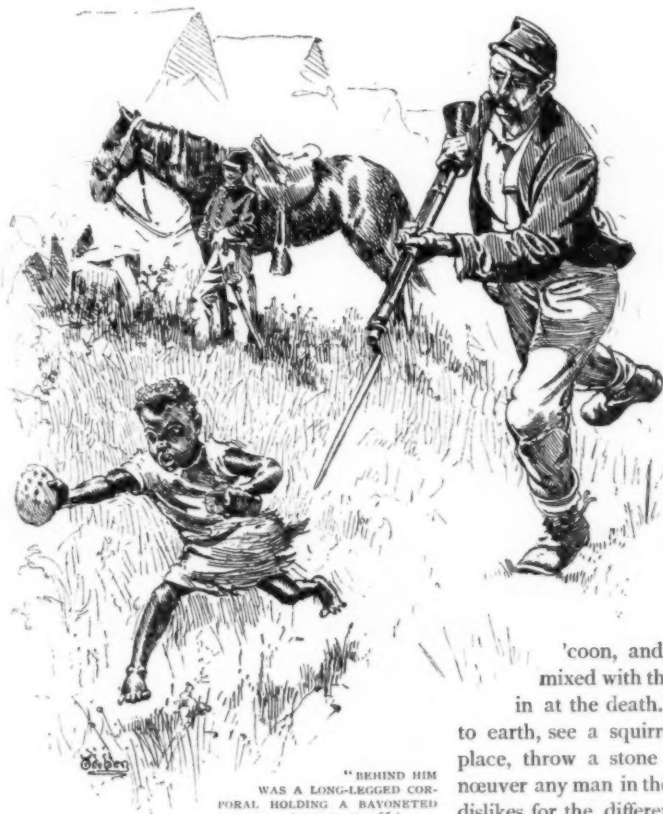
For a moment I was frightened, too, when I went to the spring after the abandoned buckets, and to see what was the matter: for, there in the water was reflected a countenance of more than Satanic ugliness. As it quickly disappeared, a heavy thud on the ground just beside me inclined me to follow in the footsteps of June and to confess entire adoption of his belief.

An instant sufficed to show me that the supposed demon was a large Angora goat, resting in the broad crotch of the leaning tree. The goat's head and shoulders were vaguely mirrored in the spring.

June was no manner of use, so far as the performance of any duty was concerned, but in the camp he was a power which would have been sadly missed. He was the camp Jester. From reveille to taps, his merry pranks amused the men, his laugh kept all in good humor. He was circus, clown, and side-show, combined. He could climb a tree, shake down a

'coon, and be back in time to be mixed with the pile of dogs and darkies in at the death. He could run a rabbit

to earth, see a squirrel in its thickest hiding-place, throw a stone unerringly, and out-manœuver any man in the company. His likes and dislikes for the different men were strong, and knew no compromise. Woe to the soldier who excited June's ire! His shoes would be missing, his haversack mysteriously filled with sand, his blanket with nettles, his canteen with salt-water from the lake, and his every peculiarity would be pantomimed for the amusement of



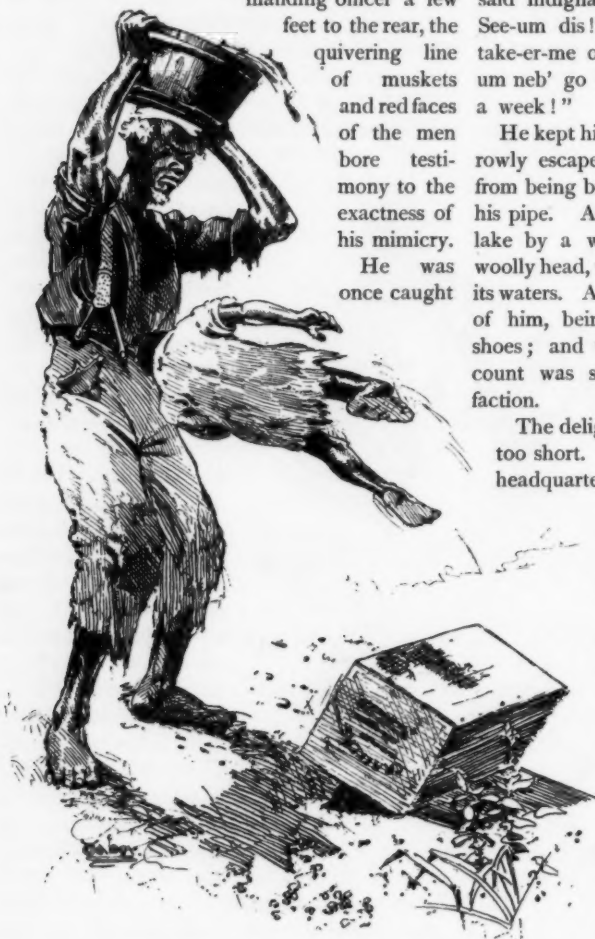
"BEHIND HIM
WAS A LONG-LEGGED COR-
PORAL HOLDING A BAYONETED
MUSKET. (SEE PAGE 966.)

"You did not see any devil." He backed up his positive assertion to the contrary with a favorite expression. "Fo' a troof, Cappin, I see um. Ain't I *know* 'im when I see um? Dar wuz his two horns, an' eyes afire, an' mouf big 'nough

his comrades. He invariably appeared on dress-parade in a unique uniform. A sardine-box carried his cartridges, a bit of string answered for belt, a forked stick for a gun. No man of the company went through the parade exercises better, and, if it pleased him to imitate the commanding officer a few

feet to the rear, the quivering line of muskets and red faces of the men bore testimony to the exactness of his mimicry.

He was once caught



JUNE BRINGS DOWN THE SHRIMPS. (SEE PAGE 968.)

tying a pair of wickedly clawed crabs into the coat-sleeve of one of his tormentors. The wags of the company decided to try him by court martial. The charge was "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline." June pleaded his own cause manfully. "What fo' you sittin' on me fo'? Mar's Cappin an' Aunt

Peggy is my boss; an' Aunt Peggy ain't yere no mo'. Le' me go. Woffer you sittin' on me?"

Notwithstanding the force and logic of his defense, he was ruthlessly sentenced to a term of imprisonment within the walls of an empty and headless pork-barrel. In this predicament, he said indignantly to me, "See-um dis, Cappin! See-um dis! Cappin, fo' goodness sake, come take-er-me out. I 'll butt dat co't-ma'sh'l till um neb' go fishin' or 'coon-huntin' no mo' fo' a week!"

He kept his word. One of his persecutors narrowly escaped severe burns in the cook's fire, from being butted into the coals while lighting his pipe. Another was sent sprawling into the lake by a well-calculated blow from June's woolly head, while he was washing his platter in its waters. Another had his senses knocked out of him, being sent headlong while tying his shoes; and with all, sooner or later, the account was squared to June's complete satisfaction.

The delightful sojourn at Seabrook was only too short. One morning there was a stir at headquarters, a riding to and fro of aides-de-camp, a bustle among the orderlies, and the clerks were packing up their papers. All of these signs indicated a move.

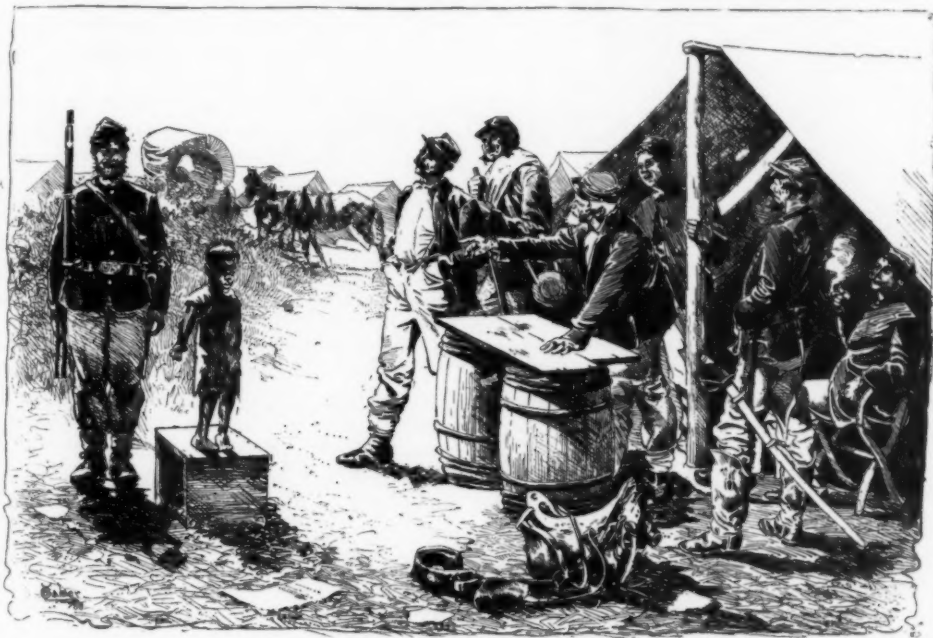
Soon came an order to strike tents and join the main body of troops, three miles away, with my detachment. In the excitement of the move, June was in his glory. Missing articles were found as tent floors were taken up, and the secret avenues were discovered by which he obtained entrance to the tents of his enemies. "That infernal little Nigger June" was in demand throughout the camp, but he wisely shouted his derision from a safe distance.

I employed a stray contraband to carry some of the lighter and more breakable articles of my tent furniture, much to the disgust of June, and the breeding of not a little jealousy in him. Taking advantage of my being occupied away from my quarters, the little joker told the fellow that he must carry my trunk, bedding, camp-

chest, and everything else that could be hung on him — load enough for a camel. Upon my return, I found June in the last contortions of a laughing convulsion. Following with my eye his pointing finger, in the direction of our march, I saw in the distance a moving object resembling a pack-mule with a huge chest on his back and side loads reaching to the ground.

"See-um, dah,* Cappin? See-um dat fool niggah? 'Im don't know nuffin' no mo' dan a punken. Dah he go, totin' de chist, an' trunk, an' ebbryting. 'Deed, Cappin, guess dat nig-

rotting mussels, through chaparral alive with stinging insects; across sanded plains, making the air quiver with burning reflections; amid blinding, choking, clouds of dust — batteries tugged, cavalry plunged, and infantry trod with indescribable sufferings. June, alone, seemed not to mind it. Astride a cannon, mounted on a caisson, perched behind a mounted soldier, or trotting alongside my company, his quaint songs and antics cheered the men and lightened many a step. Every haversack was open to him; every canteen was ready to quench his thirst;



JUNE IS TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL.

nah don't run fas' dis time, ef he hol' on to all he tote! Hi—yah!"

It was not long before it was generally known that an attack was to be made upon Charleston; that a march across John's Island to the Stono River was to be followed by a landing on James Island, under protection of the gunboats in rendezvous there.

The march commenced; not one who was in it will ever forget its miseries from its beginning to its disastrous end. Under a scorching sun, through the stench of putrid swamps filled with

every hand would be outstretched to give him a lift over a difficult bit of road.

In the long days and nights that followed, of murderous work and dangerous duty, nothing could prevent June from taking part. The most positive orders would not keep him in camp; no guard-house was tight enough to hold him. If I was doing duty with outlying pickets, on reconnaissance, or in pushing from the front a fighting skirmish-line, he would climb a chimney-flue, slip through some chink he had made or found, dash through a window or dart be-

* "See him there."

tween the legs of his guard, and speed away with unerring scent on my track. A tiny pair of black legs moving swiftly from tree to tree, the pop of a woolly head from behind a log, a glistening of his bright eyes from some jungle, would give the first knowledge of his presence,



JUNE IS IMPRISONED.

and when detected, his laughing greeting always was, "Lor', Mas'r Cappin, what a time I's done been hab huntin' you. Woffier you done go 'way fo', an' lebe-er-me?"

He never allowed himself to be put on the defensive. No one wished to see him hurt, so all tried to care for him, but it was not possible; the little fellow, in his faithfulness, felt that it was his duty to take care of me, so all efforts to keep him away and in safety were unavailing.

One day, never to be forgotten,—June 16, 1862,—a charge was made upon the Confederate earthworks at Secessionville, South Carolina, and six hundred brave men and true were laid low in front of the defenses. At an early hour on the morning of that day, I was fastening my sword about me when June waked up where he was lying curled up like a dog in the corner of my tent. I was dressing as quietly as possible without waking him, well knowing the deadly work planned for the morning, but his watchfulness was as keen as that of a Bedouin of the desert. He surprised me with the exclamation, "Mas'r Cappin, what you gwine to do? What you been goin' to?"

He was told, sharply, to lie down and go to sleep, and I added, "June, if you follow me to-day, I will stand you on a barrel, with a bayonet on each side of you, and make you hold a piece of ice in each hand until it is all melted." This was the only punishment for which he cared a particle, and the threat of it usually set him to bellowing like an orphaned calf. Strange to say, on this occasion it produced no marked effect; he seemed to feel that something of more than usual importance was taking me out at that time in the morning, armed and equipped. He came to me, and in the faint light passed his hand around my sword-belt to feel whether or not my revolver was there. I seldom carried one,—never, indeed, unless there was an almost certain prospect of its need. When his hand touched its sheath, he took hold of my coat-sleeve in a pleading way, and said, "Woffier you go widout Niggah June? Leave 'im go 'long! 'Im git in de bush an' shake his shirt an' keep de Rebels from shootin' Mas'r Cappin."

With a laugh at his idea of protection, I told him that I would soon be back all right,—to stay where he was. I left him looking disconsolately after me as I went out.

Once in the heat of battle, when shells were shrieking their horrible death-songs overhead, when black balls of iron tore their way through ranks of living men, when grape and canister, shrapnel and bullets were raining death and wounds, the smoke lifted, and through the ragged branches of a hedge in front of me,—not two hundred yards from the fort,—I thought I saw a little black demon wildly waving a white flag.

"June!" I yelled; but the roar and rattle made my voice no more than the piping of a child in a storm, and a belch of smoke from the enemy's guns rolled as a mighty wall between me and the vision.

Such a battle could not last long. We were defeated, but the fort was nearly emptied of defenders.

When the wind shook out the air and cleared it of its smoke and angry trembling, heart-rending groans went up from that stricken field.

During the hurried gathering of the wounded, Corporal Russel came to me with face pale, and

eyes bloodshot. "Come," said he, "over by the hedge. June wants you."

I knew what he meant; the vision came back to me. There little June lay, shot to death. In one hand he clutched his rag of a shirt; in the other was my haversack which I had left in my tent. He tried to laugh when I knelt by him, as he feebly raised the haversack toward me. "I done fotch you you' breakfas', Mas'r Cappin. Dar 's sumpin to eat an' drink in de habbersack. I done shaked my shirt an' kep de rebels from shootin' Mas'r Cappin. Don' stan' me

on de bar'l, an' put col' ice in my han', dis time!"

He smiled, as he had often done before, when he knew that he had the better of me, the haversack fell to the ground, and then, with his eyes resting upon me as if waiting for an assurance of forgiveness, he died.

We laid him at the end of the long ditch where lay so many of his friends; and among those hundreds of graves was one at the head of which stood a piece of a splintered flagstaff, upon which a sincere mourner had written, "Little June."

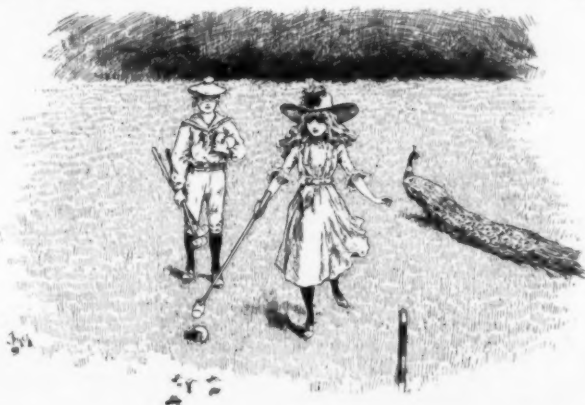


BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

FOUR little grasshoppers, one fine day,
Hopped on the lawn to play croquet.
"We can't use mallets and balls," one said,
"But we 'll play a game of our own, instead;
We 'll hop through the wickets ourselves and
see
Whether I beat you or you beat me."

So hippity-hop they went around
Through all the wickets upon the ground,
Till the one who was leading made a jump
And hit the home-stake—bumpity-bump!

Then out came Johnny and Bess to play;
And the four little grasshoppers hopped away.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEY-DEV! What is all this noise about? All crying to go to school again? Well, well. This is a hard case. Thousands and thousands of children and no schools open! It shall be remedied at once, my ardent brain-workers and lesson-missers. Early this month your wish shall be gratified, if those poor wilted teachers of yours can rise to their work again.

Meantime let us consider

WHITE AND RED CLOVER.

WHO knows the difference between white and red clover?

"I do, I do," you are shouting. "One is red and the other is white!"

Yes. But there is more to say. Now who of you can say it?

Next month I will try to tell you of a little girl's experience in four-leaved clover hunting.

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Last September I was visiting one of my aunts, who lives in Massachusetts. She had a tame butterfly. One day, early in September, my aunt was walking in her garden, among the flowers, when this butterfly lit on her hand. It was a cold day and my aunt felt sorry for the butterfly, so she brought it into the house. It was a beautiful, large butterfly, black, with bright yellow-brown markings. My aunt kept it in her warm sitting-room. She fed it from her hand. The butterfly did not seem to care to eat frequently. I think he would eat only once in two or three days. I saw him fed several times. First, my aunt put a little bit of moistened sugar on one of her fingers. After she had caught the butterfly it would stay on her finger if it wished to be fed, but if not it would immediately fly away. When it was hungry it unfolded its proboscis very slowly. Then it would eat for a long time. My aunt would wet the sugar with

her finger, and when it had finished eating it would fly away happily.

The butterfly slept on the floor, and my aunt had to look for it every night, for fear she would step on it.

It lived about nine weeks after she found it.

Yours truly,

LUCY S.

BIRD FLATS.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR JACK: Some time ago a young reader of ST. NICHOLAS (who, by the way, has just returned from a daring exploring expedition in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado) brought me a curious little two-story house,—a seaside residence,—and here is a picture of it. A door on one side furnished exit and entrance to the bottom floor, but the tenants of the top floor always went in and out by the skylight. This was an easy matter for the proprietors, for they were furnished with wings,—the Colonel and his wife. We called him Colonel because he wore shoulder-straps, but he was in reality a red-winged blackbird.

The top nest contained two bluish-green eggs, with strange hieroglyphic markings on their ends. The lower story or nest was occupied by a couple of marsh-wrens.

The occupants of the different floors never interfered with each other, but lived in amity and peace. This habit of living in flats is common to a number of different species of birds, some of which form communities numbering hundreds of individuals, all living in one great



structure, divided into as many compartments as there are families; but, unlike the swamp-blackbird and the marsh-wren, they do not as a rule live on good terms with each other, for a busier, noisier, more quarrelsome set of tenants it would be hard to find,—even in tenement houses occupied by human beings!

DAN BEARD.

Où allez-vous ? A Queue-du-bois.

Vous à
Queue-du-bois.

Moi à
Queue-du-bois.

Votre
Mari
Gros
Jean.

Mon
Mari
Gros-
Jean.

Votre
Enfant
Niniche

Mon
Enfant
Niniche.

Votre
Berceau Bébédo

Mon
Berceau Bébédo

Votre Domestique
Pas-trop-mal.

Mon Domestique
Pas-trop-mal.

Marchons donc de compagnie.



THE BROWNIES' BIRTHDAY DINNER.

BY PALMER COX.



HEN people through
the country planned
To give their public

dinners grand,

The Brownies met at day's decline
To have a birthday banquet fine.

"The proper things," a speaker cried,
"Await us here on every side ;

We simply have to reach and take,
And choose a place to boil and bake.

With meal and flour here at hand,
And water rising through the sand,

The Brownie must be dull indeed
Who lacks the gumption to proceed.

We 'll peel the pumpkins ripened well
And scoop them hollow, like a shell,

Then slice them up the proper size
To make at length those famous pies,

For which the people, small and great,
Are ever quick to pass the plate."

This pleased them all ; so none were slow
In finding work at which to go.

A stove that chance put in their way
Was put in shape without delay ;

Though doors were cracked, and legs were
rare,

The spacious oven still was there,
Where pies and cakes and puddings wide
Might cook together side by side.

The level top, though incomplete,
Gave pots and pans a welcome seat,
Where stews could steam and dumplings found
A fitting place to roll around.
Some lengths of pipe were raised on high

That made the
soot and cinders
fly,

And caused a
draft through-
out the wreck

Which door or
damper failed to
check.

The rogues who
undertook the
part,



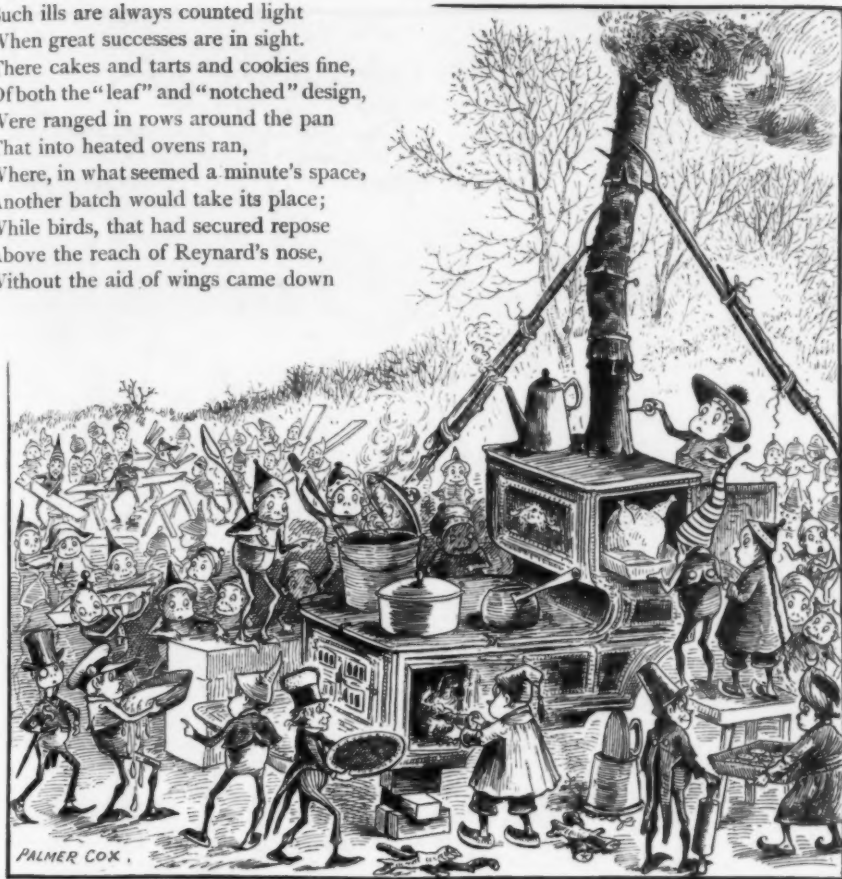
That proves the cook's delightful art,
Had smarting hands and faces red
Before the table-cloth
was spread ;

But what cared they at
such an hour

For singeing flame or
scalding shower ?



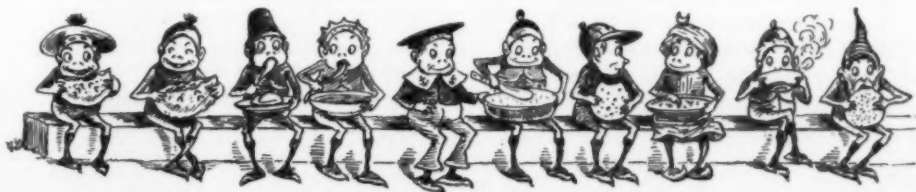
Such ills are always counted light
 When great successes are in sight.
 There cakes and tarts and cookies fine,
 Of both the "leaf" and "notched" design,
 Were ranged in rows around the pan
 That into heated ovens ran,
 Where, in what seemed a minute's space,
 Another batch would take its place;
 While birds, that had secured repose
 Above the reach of Reynard's nose,
 Without the aid of wings came down



To be at midnight roasted brown.
 They found some boards and benches laid
 Aside by workmen at their trade,
 And these upon the green were placed
 By willing hands with proper haste.
 Said one, who on the bench reclined :
 "All art is not to cooks confined,

And some expertness we can show
 As well as those who mix the dough."

And all was as the speaker said ;
 Indeed, they were some points ahead.
 For when the cooks their triumphs showed,
 The table waited for its load.





The knives and forks and dishes white
Through secret methods came to light.
Some space would be required to name
The special moves by which they came;
But kitchen cupboards, three or four,
Must then have yielded up their store;
For round the table every side
The little hands were all supplied.
When people find a carver hacked,
A saucer chipped, or platter cracked,
They should be somewhat slow to claim
That servants are the ones to blame;
For Brownies may have used the ware
And failed to give it proper care.

A few, as waiters, passed about
New dishes as the old gave out,
And saw that plates as soon as bare
Were heaped again with something rare;
No member, as you may believe,
Was anxious such a place to leave,
Until he had a taste at least
Of all the dishes in the feast.
The Brownies, when they break their fast,
Will eat as long as viands last.
The plates were scraped, the kettles clean,
And not a morsel to be seen,
Ere Brownies from that table ran
To shun the prying eyes of man.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of the ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

Professor John H. Niemeyer, of Yale University, who illustrated for ST. NICHOLAS the amusing French jingle on page 975 of this number, writes that, with the kind permission of the author, the text is taken from the "Contes Merveilleux," by Dr. L. Sauveur.

Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, author of "Marjorie and her Papa," requests that "Mildred" who wrote to "Marjorie" some time ago, will please send her address, in care of ST. NICHOLAS.

OAK KNOLL, NAPA CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading the letters in the "Letter-box." I am going to write you about my California home. I have two deer and an Angora goat. I have a beautiful rustic house and a park for them. I feed them with apples, potatoes, barley, wheat, and acorns. My sister has three little squirrels. A woodman was cutting down a tree, when an old squirrel jumped out of a nest and ran away; he looked in the nest and found the three squirrels. He brought them home and an old cat raised them. He sold them to my father, and he had the carpenter make a cage for them. My little brother has some mountain trout and some goldfish we feed with liver. I remain, your affectionate reader, HARRY.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father has a small yacht; every summer we go up the river to fish, where we stay three or four days. Last summer we went to Kingston, Canada. In the morning we left Clayton and had a pleasant trip. There are a great many islands in this river, and it is very pretty further up. We reached the Canadian shore about five miles below Kingston.

Going up the river no one can see Kingston till it is reached, on account of a high hill. On a point of this hill near the water is a Martello Tower. As we came up the river, the scenery around us was very fine, and when we reached the Canadian shore we could see this old tower, looking very picturesque. To the northward is a large fort commanding the city and harbor. As you enter the harbor the city looks quite imposing. In this city is a large penitentiary which contains over two thousand convicts. The walls are at least forty feet high, and quite wide. The guards have little houses on the walls so that they can watch the convicts. The penitentiary is close to the water. A man once left his yacht in charge of one of the convicts. After the man had gone this fellow and some others took the yacht and ran her over to the American shore, where they beached her, and then escaped.

We have a great deal of fun with our yacht; her name is "The Gypsy," and she is very pretty. This river about which I have been writing is the St. Lawrence.

I am eleven years old, and enjoy reading you very much. Your devoted reader, RICHARD B. C—.

FULTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and tell you about my little cousin's fourth birthday. She invited about fourteen little children to tea. At tea-time they all marched out to supper in couples. They looked very cunning, indeed. In the center of the table was a large "Jack Horner" pie. Perhaps you know what it is, but in case you don't, I will tell you. There is a large tin pan covered over the top with tissue paper. Inside, the pan contains a number of presents. And attached to these presents are ribbons which extend outside. Each child takes hold of the ribbon and pulls out a present. They all thought the pie was about the best of the party. Sara, that is the name of the little girl, got a great many presents. They played all sorts of games, such as Spat in and Spat out, Hide the Thimble, and a great many other games. Yours truly, MARGUERITE C—.

GRIGGSVILLE, PIKE CO., ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother Willis (who is nine years old) and myself have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS since January, and we are delighted with it. I like "Crowded Out o' Crofield," and Willis thinks "The Brownies" are so nice! We were very glad the "World's Fair" is to come to Chicago, because it is in our own State. I expect we will go to it in '93. Willis made a kite and a tail like the one described in the March number, and it flew real nicely. Yours truly, KATHERINE L. K—.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little story to tell you that my father told me this morning, and which I hope will be interesting enough for you to print. About forty-two years ago my great-grandfather bought the remnant of a herd of cows which had come all the way from Ohio. A sheep that came with them always stayed about the cow-stables, and when he was hungry he would walk up to one of the mangers and eat, but, if a cow should object, he would step back and butt her till she would step aside. Then he would help himself.

The Poughkeepsie Bridge is completed, and is a very fine bridge. I must stop. Good-bye.

MARY E. H—.

A YOUNG contributor, Matie E. L., sends the following story with a moral:

FLORENCE AND HER BROTHER.

"He is an awful boy; he won't do anything to please me"; and Florence Kibler gave a decided nod and looked toward her friend, Daisy Edwards.

"But," said Daisy, "I think you may be as much to blame as he is; he treated me very kindly."

"Oh, well," said Florence, "you have only been here two days, but after a while he will treat you just as he

does me. There, now. I've got my room all fixed; come in while I make his bed," and she started down the hall that led to her brother's room, and I'm sure that you could have told that the room was occupied by a person that did n't care how it looked.

They made up the bed, and then Florence started off.

"You are not going to leave the room looking like this?" said Daisy.

"I don't care how it looks; come on."

"What will your mamma say?"

"She never comes in here; hardly ever, at least."

"But, Florence," and Daisy went over and made Florence sit down. "I think that your brother would n't act so if you would treat him different. Archie and I 'most always agree, and I do things for him, and he does them for me; and I think Johnnie would do the same way. Won't you try?"

"Yes, I will try, but it won't do any good," and they straightened the room all up.

"Now, I'll mend his jacket that he has been teasing Mamma about. I declare I feel happier any way."

She had just mended the jacket and hung it in his closet when the tea bell rung. At tea Johnnie said:

"Mamma, have you mended my jacket?"

"No, John, I have been helping your father."

"Who fixed my room up, then?"

Florence's face turned red as she said, "I mended your jacket, and Daisy and I fixed your room."

Harry [probably, John] was at the point of saying something mean, but instead he said: "Thank you"; and that night Florence received a package, and on opening it, she found a tiny gold watch and a note saying:

"DEAR SISTER: I have been a bad boy, but I will try and be better. Your brother, JOHN."

WINNETKA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so aged that I can hardly be called a boy any longer, but I still take you, and intend to do so until I am gray-headed and have to read your delightful pages through an old man's spectacles. A young friend found me reading your last number, and said contemptuously, "Umph! you still reading St. NICHOLAS? I've outgrown that kind of thing long ago!" "Have you?" I replied, "the more 's the pity! You don't know all the good things you miss!" I think no one should be too old to be young.

I do not believe there ever was a more charming series than the "Stories of Art and Artists," or the papers on the great musicians, "From Bach to Wagner." Dear ST. NICHOLAS, do give us some more of the same sort! I read them over and over again, and feel like another fellow for days afterward. I never tire of hearing how those great souls lived and struggled; enjoyed, suffered, and fought; triumphed and were defeated, just like common people. It is tiresome to preach and moralize, and yet I cannot help saying that every boy and girl *must* be better and happier after reading the record of those inspired lives. For nowhere does one more fully realize that there is something better than money and worldly goods, and a power stronger than poverty and suffering and the contempt of an ignorant multitude. Your faithful friend,

ALAN S.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your magazine, and like it very much. I am ten years old, and I came from England. I have been in America a year and a half. We took ST. NICHOLAS in England.

For pets I had thirty-two tame mice; I brought one to America with me, he was brown and white, and called "Brownie"; he would climb up a pole, beg, and sit up,

and hold a straw in his paws. Last summer I had nine tame tortoises which I harnessed to carts, and a dog which I drove. When we were in the country, my sister taught me to drive. I am very fond of animals.

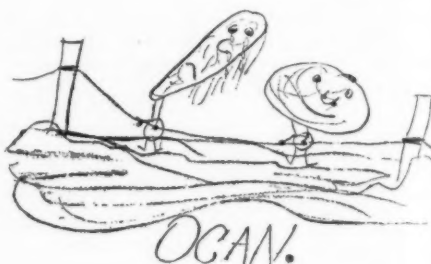
From your little reader, MARGERY W.—

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I dreamed that I was down on the seashore last night, and saw an oyster and a clam in bathing, and I have made a picture to show you how they looked. Here it is. The oyster is crying because he da's n't go out so far as the clam, and the clam is laughing at him for being a-scared. My papa says he will write this out plain, so you can read it.

Yours, very much obliged,

FREDDIE W. P., Jr.



DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are little twin sisters who have enjoyed you for four or five years. Our brother-in-law has given you to us as a reward for passing our grades. He could not have thought of anything lovelier if he had studied for years. We are little orphan girls; our papa died when we were eight weeks old, and our dear pretty mamma left us two years ago. We live with our brother-in-law and sister. We have real good times together. Last summer we took our first trip East. We were just wild over the beautiful ocean which we had never seen before. Our uncle, who is a navy officer, took us through a man-of-war. This was very interesting for us little Rocky Mountain girls who had never seen a big ship before. This summer we expect to visit Salt Lake. We shall enjoy bobbing around on the water of the great Salt Lake, like corks. Dear ST. NICHOLAS, your charming stories have been the greatest delight to us for years past, and we hope will be for years and years to come.

Your loving little friends

OLGA AND GENEVIEVE M.—

MADRID, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen in the time that I have taken your magazine any letter from Madrid, I have decided to write to you.

Lately, some ladies and gentlemen came to visit Madrid for the first time, and I was as much surprised of what they thought of Spain as they were of what really it is. They seemed to think that we were dressed in the old Spanish style, that we danced in the streets, and so forth. Now, as perhaps they may be not the only ones who have a bad idea of what Spain is, I will try to give you a right idea of my country. I will not tell you the physical position of Madrid, its habitants, and so forth; you can find all that in any geography; I will only tell in what features Madrid, and all Spain, are different from



other countries. First: In the dress, the gentlemen wear *capas*, or cloaks of cloth. Of course they wear more the overcoats; and the ladies the *mantilla*, or that thing of lace which they put on their heads; though I must say that now they nearly do not wear it at all. Second: In the carts drawn by six or seven mules, put one before the other in a line; and third: In the *corridos de toros*, or bull-fights, and this is nearly all. In all the rest Spain is like all the other countries, and excepting Sevilla, which keeps many of the old Spanish dresses and features, you can find in all the cities of Spain the same progress as in France, England, and other countries.

Now I must tell you something. You must have often heard that in the old times, here in Spain, the *chulos* used to throw the *capa* before a young lady so that she would step upon it; this gallant custom has been changed into the annoying one that nearly all the common men have and sometimes also the well-educated young men, to call you in your face beautiful, graceful, and so forth, or say something about your eyes, your feet, and so forth. We call this sayings, "to throw flowers"; but indeed I would have called it to throw thorns, it is so very silly and annoying.

I must close, as my letter is getting too long; but before I want to tell you how much I enjoy your charming magazine. Papa reads some of your articles, but what he is always admiring is your beautiful engravings.

All your readers tell you which story they like best; my favorite, this year, is "May Bartlett's Stepmother."

And now, asking you to excuse my many faults, as you must remember that I am Spanish,

I remain, your reader, CARMEN.

AMENIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read "Flower Ladies" in your August number.

When I was a little girl I had no girl friends to play with, as I lived on a small farm. I was very fond of playing school, so I improvised a way to play school by myself. I took daisies, cutting the stems off about an inch from the flower, and stood them on their petals. My school was always a girl's seminary.

Little daisies served as students, and large ones as teachers; and they looked very neat in their white dresses and green aprons.

I generally had a few aristocratic scholars. For these I took wild morning-glories. Splitting the blossom up the front made the pink part hang back like a train. These were princesses and little ladies, who looked gay in pink dresses with trains and no aprons.

I spent many happy hours with my daisy school, and I am surprised to find that so few other children have played with flower dolls.

My mother says that she used to play with flower ladies when she was a child.

Hoping that this letter may be put in your "Letter-box," I remain, your faithful reader, KITTIE C—.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls who live very near each other, and are very intimate. We have taken you for a long time, and we always are very anxious for the next number to come out. We think the nicest pieces in this number are "Marjorie and her Papa," "Crowded Out o' Crofield," "Lady Jane," "The Bunny Stories," and the funny piece about the "Chinese Giant." We have never written to you before, and we don't see many letters from Baltimore in the ST. NICHOLAS. We think the nicest story we have ever read is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and we expect to go to see the

play before long. Good-bye, dear old ST. NICHOLAS, we remain, ever your interested readers,

ELEANOR O. AND MAY W.

COMPTON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen many letters from Canada in your magazine, I thought I would write one. I am a little girl not quite fourteen years old, and I have three brothers, and live in the country. In the summer we go driving, play tennis, croquet, and other games. In the evenings we have music, cards, reading, and sometimes private theatricals.

I have only taken your delightful magazine since Christmas, but I like it very much. We all, from Grandpa down to my youngest brother, read and enjoy it.

I am always impatient for the new number to come. I am very much interested in "Lady Jane" and "Crowded Out o' Crofield." Mamma and I both enjoyed the story of "May Bartlett's Stepmother," and we all laughed over "Mark Twain's Letter to Elsie Leslie Lyde," and thought it would make such a good piece for an evening reading. Your devoted reader, GRACE W. K—.

FORT BRIDGER, WYOMING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago you had a letter from an army girl. I am an army boy, and as we move very often, I see many strange sights.

Last year we traveled from northeastern Utah to northeastern Wyoming, camping on the way twenty-five nights. One day we went in a buckboard to see some strange formations called "bad lands"; not a spear of grass or any living thing can be found there, only queer mounds of sand and rock twisted and rolled together by the wind, so scientific men, who have seen them, say.

Huge bones are dug up in these cliffs—bones of animals that died many ages since. While we were in these bad lands a sand storm came up and we had to crawl into a little cave to keep from being suffocated; as it was, our eyes and ears were filled with sand.

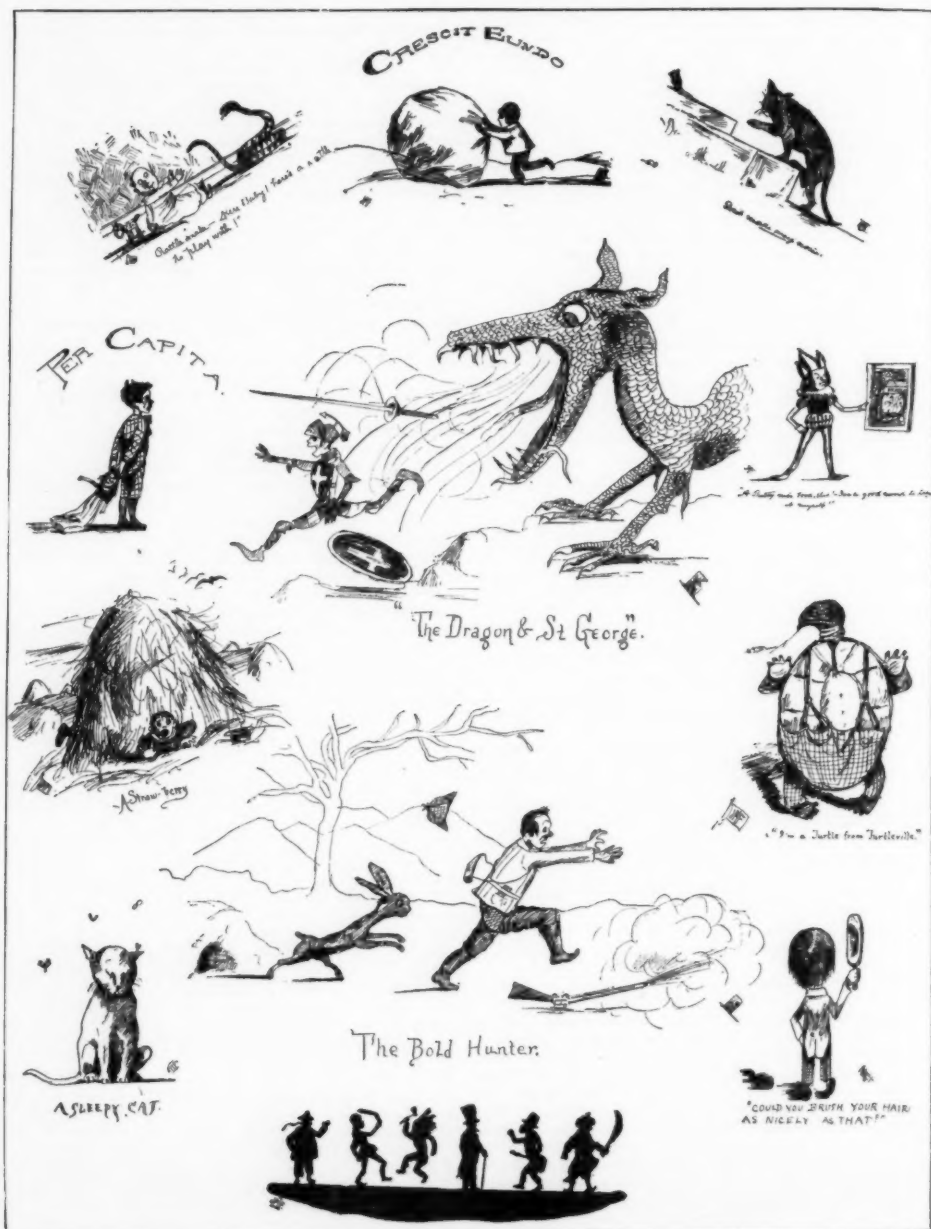
We arrived home very tired, having ridden over thirty miles. From your loving reader,

LEIGHTON, R. C—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Minnie T., Freddie E. H., A. C. L., Kate L. H., Lina T. J., Bessie T. M., Joan B., A. G. B., B. L. H., M. M. W., L. V. E., M. J. S., J. T. B., H. I. W., Mercedes C. and Gwendolyn S., Julia T. M., Addie L., Mabel S., Henriette de R., Edwina B., Charlie C. C., Maud M., Madge De S., Inez B., Louise R. B., Helen F., J. B. and C. B., Bessie and Charlotte C., Louise and Gertrude, Lillie L. P., Bessie R., Kathy H., Royal B. F., Glenn V. B., H. B. C., Helen, Marion L. W., Emily S. T., "Jill," Albert P., Hallie S. H., Josie W. R., Eric S. S., Pauline F., Zabelle M., Virginia B., Malcolm L., Curzon P., Helen H. A., Meta M. K., Miriam G. R., May T., Blanche A., Grace W. L., Fanny C. and Marion H., Mabel S. S., Miriam G., Bertha, John W. S., Willie P. H., Annie G. C., E. M. D., Ellen Y. B., Bessie B., S. I. L., Jr., Miriam Agnes R., Anna P. H., Rosalind B., Charles E. L., Anna S. B., Lito L., Linda K. T., Theo. A., Nannie W. S., Rena C. P. and Florence E., P. R., Alice C. J., Marjory B. M., Gertrude L., Susie Rose P., "Trix," Anne Russell A., Ethel W., Helen G. H., Anna K. B., Walter S. D., F. M. B., Grace L. S., Estelle I., Frank G. W., Arthur H., Dean M., Mabel S., Elva E. S.

A PAGE OF SKETCHES BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, AGED 12.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ANAGRAM. William Ewart Gladstone.
 DIAGONAL. Byron. Cross-words: 1. Build. 2. Lyons. 3. Lyric.
 4. Alloy. 5. Adam.
 HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Cleveland. Cross-words: 1. Capacious.
 2. Calling. 3. Adept. 4. Eve. 5. E. 6. Ale. 7. Abate. 8. Crinoid.
 9. Decedents.
 Pt. The wild hop, from the young elm's bough,
 Sways on the languid breeze,
 And here and there the autumn tints
 Glean faintly through the trees;
 All nature helps to swell the song
 And chant the same refrain;
 July and June have slipped away,
 And August's here again.

WORD-DWINDLE. 1. Minerals. 2. Nailers. 3. Aliens. 4. Lines.
 5. Lien. 6. Nil. 7. In. 8. I.
 ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A false friend and a shadow
 attend only while the sun shines.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: ANSWERS, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Paul Reese—Mamma and Jamie—Nellie L. Howes—Jo and L.—"Infantry"—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—Pearl F. Stevens—Blanche and Fred—Ida and Alice—Aunt Mathilde and Alma—Maxie and Jackspar—Mary L. Gerish—Josephine Sherwood—Gertrude L.—"Miss Flint"—Nellie and Reggie—William H. Beers and Co.—Edith Sewall—Charlie Dignan—Ida C. Thallon—C. A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Katie Van Zandt, 6—"Sunshine," 1—M. A. Beadle, 1—Budge and Toddie, 1—Maude E. Palmer, 10—Bertha Bard, 1—C. S. Pinkney, 1—C. Shirley, 1—Bertha, 1—"Cha," "Sorrel," and "Nancy," 4—Anna L. Ransom, 2—Russell Mount, 1—C. T. G., 1—L. R. Blackman, 1—A. K. Hughes, Jr., 1—E. Wentworth, 1—F. Osborne, 1—A. H. Nye, 1—Elaine S., 1—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 2—J. Brooke, 1—K. P. P., 2—Percy H. H., 1—G. Buck, 1—Sir Philip, 1—Judith Irene W., 1—Ferdie Johnson, 2—Alice Blanke, 3—Cornelius Pinkney, 2—A. M. G., 2—"June Bugs," 1—Hubert L. Bingay, 10—Mattie and Bessie, 2—S. M. Cahn, 1—"Dictionary," 6—Anna E. H., 2—H. H. Allen, 1—C. Campbell, 1—G. T. Perry, 1—"Beetles and Chickens," 2—Anna and Mell, 1—G. Linton, 1—Fanny Skinner, 2—G. Chadwick, 1—Ernie B., 1—S. P. Allen, 1—T. Bangs, 1—A. B., 1—M. Harrell, 1—Arthur B. Lawrence, 5—Sarah H. Scott, 8—Minnie and May, 1—Anna W. and Ashley P. C. Ashurst, 7—"May and Jo," 9—Ida L. W., 1—Clara and Emma, 4—W. O. Kimball, 4—B. W. Groesbeck, 1—Lillian, 1—Charles L. and Rita Sharp, 4—Effe K. Talboys, 8—H. Stevens, 1—M. Ransom, 1—Julia Grace Meny, 1—Grace Rice, 1—V. Brawley, 1—Ivy and Bee, 1—"Kodak," 3—Harry Ring, 7—"The Lancer," 1—Anna G. Erskine, 10—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 10—R. M. Cadwalader, Jr., 1—Miriam N. Bingay, 2—W. E. Eckert, 3—"M. O. S. Quito," 1—Bert Snyder and Maud Huebener, 8—F. L. Y., 1—"Charles Beaufort," 8—H. Wilson, 1—Gladys Hobson, 1—M. Francis, 1—H. W. M., 1—J. F. Hamilton, 1—S. M. H., 1—Harry M., 10—John W. Frothingham, Jr., 6—Patience and Paulina Cockerell, 1—No name, Little Rock, 1—M. I. C. E., 4—"Nick McNick," 10—Mabel and Ida, 1—H. M. Walker, 1—L. C. Hawes, 1—Elsa Behr, 2—Clarence Linville, 2—Mary Nicholas, 1—E. M. G., 10—Edith B., 1—Estelle Jons, 2.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

EACH of the following questions may be answered by the name of an old-fashioned flower. Example: An old cathedral town and the music often heard there. Answer, Canterbury-bells.

1. The pride of the farmer. 2. The pride of the farmer's wife. 3. To break suddenly, and a fabulous monster. 4. A Christmas green, and a kind of wine. 5. A delicate color. 6. A vehicle, and where it will take you. 7. Who parted from his "Black-eyed Susan?" 8. A grieving lady. 9. One of the united states. 10. A foreign country, and starwort. 11. My first wears my second on her foot. 12. My first is a sly animal that could not possibly wear my second. 13. The school-boy's delight in winter. 14. A girl's pretty name, and the color of her hair. 15. An old dog. 16. A singing bird, and something worn by horsemen. 17. An unmarried man, and something he often finds missing. 18. Children love my first, and wish it grew on every second. 19. The mother of Meleager. 20. The peep o' day. 21. A crustacean, and the cause of much discord. 22. Apollo's favorite. 23. Buxom Elizabeth. 24. Sagacious. 25. Precise, and a pretty flower. 26. An animal slides. 27. What Hero said. 28. A compartment in a theater. 29. A royal plume. 30. A great dandy. 31. Remember me. 32. A weapon, and to coin. 33. Wise men followed me. 34. An insect of the class *Arachnida*, and unfettered beer. 35. My first adorns a bonnet, and my second a lawn. 36. A wise man, and a stamp. 37. A tattered tar. 38. A beautiful youth who became enamored of his own image. 39. A conveyance, and a great community of men. 40. What Hamlet said was "out of joint." 41. A ferocious beast, and the emblem of innocence. 42. A Roman

Emperor. 43. Part of every face. 44. What surgeons have to do. 45. A community of men, and part of their garment. W. S. R.

ZIGZAG.

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THE zigzags from 1 to 10 spell the name of a battle fought on September 11, 1777; the zigzags from 11 to 20 spell the name of one fought on September 19 of the same year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Obstructions. 2. A liquid often used by dentists. 3. A small bird common in Europe. 4. Free from pain. 5. Footstalks of flowers. 6. Portions of the face. 7. A valuable kind of grass which is cultivated for fodder. 8. To alleviate. 9. Apparent. 10. To reckon. G. F.

PL.

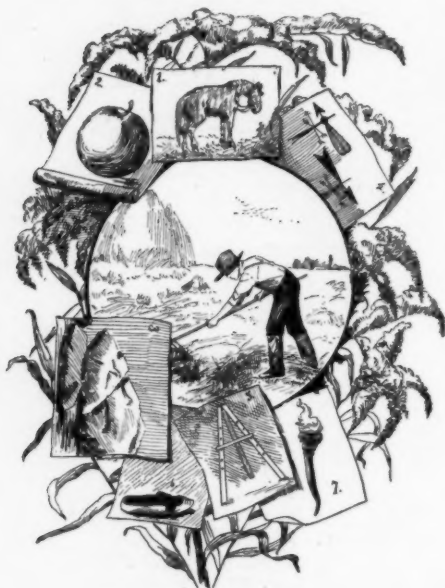
BESTERMEF wrests het nowdaldo ore
 Hwit mayn a triblinla crool;
 Hte dowlr si trigbrhe tanh boreef,
 Hyw doshlu rou starhe eb rulled?

AN AXIOM IN AXIOMS.

By taking one word from each of the following sentences, an axiom may be formed relating to the last day but one in September.

1. Weigh right, if you sell dear.
2. You cannot catch old birds with chaff.
3. Eat to live, but do not live to eat.
4. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.
5. Lookers on see more than players.
6. So many days old the moon is at Michaelmas, so many floods thereafter.
7. The longest day must have an end.
8. Look before you leap.
9. Where there 's a will there 's a way.
10. It is never too late to mend.
11. Wealth is best known by want.
12. The love of money is the root of all evil.
13. All is not gold that glitters.
14. Long is the arm of the needy.
15. A pin a day is a groat a year.
16. Round by round we climb the ladder of life.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.



EACH of the seven objects may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell a word describing the central picture.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

EACH of the words described contains six letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of one of Job's friends.

1. The surname of a man who wrote a famous allegory.
2. The surname of an English author who was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen.
3. The surname of a very famous English poet.
4. The surname of the

poet laureate in 1670. 5. The surname of a distinguished Scottish poet who was first a barber and then a bookseller in Edinburgh. 6. The surname of an English poet now living, who was born in 1832. ANNA W. ASHHURST.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. PROFIT. 2. The goddess of the hearth. 3. Beasts of burden used in Eastern countries. 4. Notes, or memoranda. 5. A rope with a noose. MAUDIE AND PAPA.

DIAMONDS IN DIAMONDS.



- I. 1. In predestinate. 2. A color. 3. Having a tone. 4. Insnared. 5. A feminine name. 6. A Turkish governor. 7. In predestinate.

- INCLOSED DIAMOND. 1. In predestinate. 2. A number. 3. To scheme. 4. A measure. 5. In predestinate. II. 1. In predestinate. 2. A feminine nickname. 3. To form. 4. Oars used to propel boats by a vertical motion. 5. Very cold. 6. Conducted. 7. In predestinate.

- INCLOSED DIAMOND. 1. In predestinate. 2. A poem. 3. To spoil. 4. A masculine name. 5. In predestinate.

GASPARD RAYNER.

RIDDLE.

I'VE naught to do with past or future hours,—
The living present occupies my powers;
Yet though with what is past I've no connection,
My time is ever spent in grave reflection,
The true results of which to man I show,
Knowledge surpassing all,—himself to know.
Moreover, I 'm that power "the gift can gie him
To see himself precise as others see him."
And if from folly it would set him free,
Happy would prove his intercourse with me.
But, ah! too oft the contrary result
Is seen in those who freely me consult.
No boastful wealth, nor loftiest pedigree
Ere won a smile of flattery from me.
And yet 't is wondrous how with each and all
I promptly sympathize who on me call:
Tears to the sad I give, smiles to the gay,
Nor from the humblest object turn away.
But while I seem to be thus near perfection,
Occurs to me, alas! the sad reflection
That I from guilt am still not wholly free,
Yet it is guilt imputed rests on me;
Which, when this little life of mine is o'er,
Will, with my mouldering frame, be seen no more.

C. L. M.

AN OCTAGON.

1. ENRAGED. 2. To rejuvenate. 3. Medicinal. 4. To quicken. 5. Declined. 6. To irrigate. 7. Induced.

C. D.

A RHOMBOID.

- ACROSS: 1. The musical scale. 2. Satiates. 3. Gentle heat. 4. A masculine name. 5. An evil spirit.

- DOWNWARD: 1. In Guinea. 2. A conjunction. 3. To twist. 4. A tribe of Indians. 5. Lukewarm. 6. A marine flatfish. 7. An engine of war used for battering. 8. In like manner. 9. In Guinea.

G. F.

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THE BOY-KING, EDWARD VI.

(FROM THE PAINTING BY HANS HOLBEIN.)

(SEE PAGE 994.)